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I

LIFE IN ATHENS

This paper was published in the NATION, 17th April 1920.

IN Athens, as elsewhere in Europe, the war has left its mark. Everything is dear—the Athenians complacently declare that theirs is the dearest city in Europe—and the exchange, which had been rather artificially kept up, has at last dropped rapidly. In Athens, also, as elsewhere, a new rich class has come to the front, anxiously engaged, the Greeks say, in manicuring its coarse hands and invading the most select resorts of Athenian society. The delay in demobilising the army has caused scarcity of labour ; it is cheaper to import potatoes from Holland than to grow them at home ; the balance of imports and exports is heavily on the wrong side. At the same time, trains and trams are even more overcrowded than in London, and it is difficult to find a place to live in, so that hotels, however expensive, are crowded by Greeks.

With all this, Greece is gathering in the profits of her junction, however late, with the Allies. Maps are hung up outside the booksellers' shops, to be eagerly examined by intelligent people of all classes, anxious to know where those Greeks live

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who have now been restored to a fatherland which had never heard of them. The followers of the astute Venezelos in the Greek Parliament can triumphantly retort on his carping critics, and the portrait of Löyd-Tzorgz occupies an honoured place beside the new map. When I left Athens at the end of March, preparations were being made for a great celebration of the New Greece, with a brilliant illumination of the badly lighted streets, and salvos of artillery and public prayer. It only awaited the return of Venezelos from London. So it was really the same drama that was being staged in other countries more familiar to us. Only here the tragedy of the world seemed to be enacted, in a more playful manner, around more trivial incidents : Parliament was chiefly occupied when I was there over the introduction of a Bill to raise the price of newspapers from a penny to three halfpence. Moreover, as compared with Italy and still more with France, where conditions are now so hard, life is easy ; there are no abnormal restrictions, and in spite of high prices most kinds of food are plentiful. Then there was, too, the background. The solemnity of the ancient traditions heightened the gaiety of their modern successors, and to the Northerner the surprise of the radiancy of southern Nature, in the long intervals between gales as fierce as those of London, combined in the total impression. Here amid the flowers and birds in the leafy walks of the Palace Garden one could realise, two months ahead, the rural delights of

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England, and on the rocky slopes of ancient heights, amid the wild oats and barley in ear, bloomed rich crimson poppies one could never expect to see in the harvest-fields at home. In this version and on this stage the tragedy of the world could be witnessed with a lighter heart than in the more sombre northern theatre. So that on being landed by an almost miraculous Fate at the Piræus, I heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

It has been usual, even from ancient times, to speak evil of the Greek. The European business man (the Greeks often speak distantly of "Europe" as a place outside Greece) can seldom say too much evil of the Greek, though he is sometimes careful to place his stigma on the Greek of the Levant. Those who have had dealings with both Greeks and Turks always conclude in favour of the Turks. The captains of the ships that frequent the Mediterranean declare that nowhere do they encounter so much trouble and theft as at the Piræus. It may be so. Yet all kinds of people go to make up a nation, and during a month in Greece I encountered no kind or degree of dishonesty worth serious complaint; cabmen and boatmen are, indeed, shamelessly extortionate—but that is the case everywhere—and so are hotel-keepers, but they may be said to have entered the respectable class of profiteers. The Greeks are no doubt commercially-minded, but they are not usually rapacious. Indeed, in all classes and occupations they are singularly free from any impulse to push them-

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selves forward or to attract attention. They are not effusive or officious or obsequious ; they regard themselves as democrats, they incline to avoid saying " Thank you," and scarcely seem to have any equivalent for the common " Sorry " of our London traffic. The Greek is by no means offensive, and he sees no need to apologise where clearly no offence was intended. That attitude seems characteristic of the Greek, and is certainly grateful to the tourist, though, since his special needs are ignored, the foreigner cannot easily make his way without a little knowledge of Greek. Not that there are many tourists in Athens. I only came across a single authentic specimen with a guide-book, and there was one painter at work, a Frenchman ; miscellaneous parties from ships that call at the Piræus spend a few hours strolling through the streets, and there are English families settled in Athens for business or work ; but the Museums are mostly deserted save by a few straggling Greeks. The Greek has an easy and instinctive impulse of equality, a temperamental dislike of excess. Whatever poverty there may be in Athens, one misses its wretchedness, and whatever wealth the war may have brought, one fails to see its ostentation. At a quarter to eight the members come cheerfully trooping down the steps of the House of Parliament for dinner, mostly leaving on foot. It is the trains and the trams that are overcrowded ; other vehicles are few ; and one can enjoy the pleasure, rare in a capital city,

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of strolling along in the middle of the road, provided one preserves an eye for rare motor-cars, for these in Athens are recklessly and unskilfully driven, though the foot-passenger may console himself that they prove chiefly dangerous to themselves. Diligent exploration of the Athenian restaurants, again, reveals a singular general uniformity, although with slight individual shades of difference, and the prices marked on the "Catalogue of Foods" vary within the narrowest limits. I had more than once visited the most fashionable restaurant in Athens before any suspicion of its select character crossed my mind. In all things the Athenian avoids excess or ostentation; he is cheerful, temperate, moderate, reasonable. His supreme and instinctive virtue is *sophrosyne*.

It is for this reason, no doubt, that the Greeks, however amiable, are not an interesting people. Anyone who has been accustomed to watch the people of France or Spain, each so absorbingly interesting in its own way, or even the amusing populace of Italy, can find little of interest in Greece, however attractive we may consider its charming children, its ingenuous boys, its beautiful-browed girls, the dignified independence of its old peasant men and women. The reason is simple. Whatever opinion we may hold as to the continuity in Greece of the ancient Greek spirit, it is certain that in form the ancient traditions have been broken and lost, so that the Greek people have in manner and customs become crystallised afresh

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on a modern pattern, related to the ancient, yet different, precisely as Athens itself has slowly shifted northward and eastward during the past two thousand years to a less-encumbered site, and has grown up anew, a little French in character, a little German—a miniature Munich surrounded by a wide, ragged border of ruins and hovels.

The great waves of invasion that have swept over Greece have left the sedimentary traces of their passing, notably those of the Slavs and the Turks, not to mention the powerful but less coloured permeation by the Albanians. So that to-day, by innumerable little traits, we are reminded, now of Moscow, now of Constantinople. The Greeks drink coffee in the Turkish way and tea in the Russian way, and that fact is symbolic of a large part of their life. As might be expected, it is the Turkish element that is most obvious, and the delightful old Bazaar beside the Stoa of Hadrian is genuinely Oriental in form and spirit. It is certainly well to remember that the influences that have swept over this region have largely moved in a circle. Some scholars tell us that we can best form an idea of the life of ancient Athens from Cairo or Tunis. When the Turks, enriched by Byzantine culture, overran the land, Greece was merely Islamised by an influence that had already been doubly Hellenised, so that, however it may be with the old spirit, the old forms have been perpetuated.

Yet, however ancient its soprosynic tempera-

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ment, or however lacking in aboriginal interest—one may accept either alternative, or perhaps both—Athens as a modern city still has its own character. I should be inclined to say that this lay, most obviously, in a widespread taste for the little refinements of life. I have quoted the Athenian humorous complaint concerning the new profiteers who manicure their rough hands and resort to the fashionable pastry-cook shops. It is significant in its revelation of the Greek ideal. (How ancient this ideal of refinement, Athenæus bears witness.) It has nothing to do with a sense for art. There is little art among the Athenians : they have quite a pretty taste in imitating classic architecture, and that seems all ; there is no sculpture of any account, and no painting or music ; while one would be puzzled to name any Greek writer in his own language who has attained European fame as poet or novelist. So that, unlike their ancient predecessors, the modern Greeks have no occasion in the exercise of a wise moderation to administer hemlock to a too prominent philosopher or to leave an outstanding sculptor languishing in prison. And if one goes, as one always should, to the Market, to learn the natural and spontaneous feeling for art of a people, I know no Market in Europe so sordid, ugly, loathsome, as that of Athens, while the mirrors and bad pictures with which even in poor quarters the walls of butchers' shops are unhappily adorned scarcely redeem the Market. Nor, again, is this

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taste for refinement due to any obvious predominance of women. On the contrary, even with a mobilised army, women are singularly little in evidence in the public places of Athens—an Oriental trait not to be accounted for by the well-known greater relative birthrate of males in Greece than in any other country. Yet hairdressers abound in all quarters, as well as large flourishing shops of perfumers, with their allies the chemists; flower-shops are numerous and elaborately arranged, while flower-sellers come round the restaurant tables and not in vain. Boot-blackening establishments and boot-black boys are everywhere, for the Athenian is attentive to his feet; he will draw out his handkerchief after a shower and pause on the pavement to apply it to his boots; at the doors of restaurants and hotels a small boy is placed with a feather-brush to perform the same duties; and there are a prodigious number of shoe-shops displaying fashionable footwear all over them, inside and out. The modern Athenian shop, it may be noted, is admirably designed, a spacious, square, lofty, panelled hall, little encumbered by counters, and with its wares attractively exposed up the walls. I specially noted the well-equipped and intelligently served cosmopolitan book-shops—one would be glad to see their like in London—where the volume one asks for, even though it can scarcely be often in demand, is in a few moments brought trippingly forward by a smiling youth or girl. This wide-

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spread Athenian taste for the refinements of life seems to be typified in the rows of elegant little pepper trees planted along the streets wherever there is room for them, to make a delicate pattern against the sky.

It is the sky, after all, which is the supreme refinement of Attica, and, whatever else may or may not be classic, its most indubitably ancient possession. We have been taught for a century past that the classic Greek has disappeared from Attica. The doctrine is perhaps overdone; there are certainly many varied types here, and it is difficult not to believe that Greek blood and Greek influence still persist; many an old peasant with his almost frizzly hair and the special curves of his wrinkles seems to bring ancient busts vividly to life. However that may be, there can be no dispute about the atmosphere. There are no nightingales now on Kolonus; Plato might be puzzled to find the grove of Akademe; there is little temptation to lie on the banks of Ilissus, and the vase-painters who sketched the Fount of Kallirrhoë would scarcely recognise the dirty pool where washerwomen pursue their labours. But this rugged and arid land, sprinkled strangely with gay flowers, is still bathed as of old in a singularly lovely atmosphere. It is not one of deep or violent colour. There is always a little moisture in this maritime air, and the light, however clear to our Northern eyes, is tender and soft, luminous by day and by night, delicately tintured at sunset or

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dawn, a radiant garment that is but rarely obscured. When, after sunrise, we approach the Piræus from the sea, and the two tall black factory chimneys in the foreground weave a delicate garland of smoke for the distant city—violet-wreathed, they would call it of old—our first impression is of this lovely atmosphere. It may well be the last that remains with us.

II

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS

This review of Professor Bury's book, THE IDEA OF PROGRESS : AN INQUIRY INTO ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH, appeared in the NATION, 22nd May 1920. I may mention that the germ of my observations here on the idea of Progress can be found in the Preface, written before the war, to THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE (1912).

PROFESSOR BURY, as we know, is the distinguished historian of Greece and the later Roman Empire, the editor of Gibbon, and the organiser of the forthcoming *Cambridge Ancient History*. He has also occupied himself with the history of thought, especially in what may be termed its rationalistic aspects, and his little *History of Free Thought* is a widely known popular handbook. It would not be easy to find anyone better equipped to set forth the history of the idea of Progress.

The idea of Progress, it is true, is an idea which the serious thinker—unless he has committed himself to the construction of a philosophic system of human perfectibility—only uses with precaution and many qualifications. But the multitude are not serious thinkers, and the idea of Progress involves a doctrine so comfortable to the average man, it lends itself so well to moods of self-complacency, and it apparently involves so little

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mental effort to understand, that it has become the most generally useful tool in the cheap rhetorician's bag, equally applicable to all audiences. When circumstances arise which render it less easy than usual to apply this convenient tool, the rhetorician and his audience are alike a little disconcerted, and fumble around awkwardly for something that they vaguely miss. Such circumstances have, as we know, arisen lately. So Professor Bury could not have chosen a better moment to put forth his book, which is all the more welcome since it is the first serious attempt in English to deal with its subject.

Progress, as we scarcely realise, is an entirely modern idea, scarcely two centuries old, though when it had once been grasped it rapidly gained favour and had its great flourishing time during the nineteenth century. The ancients knew nothing of it. Seneca alone—and it is a significant fact that he was one of the most ostentatiously rhetorical of classic authors—set forth his faith in a great future of constantly growing knowledge and endless discovery. Indeed, his conception of Progress was somewhat more comprehensive than that of most of its modern apostles, for he added: "Are you surprised to be told that human knowledge has not completed its task? Why, human wickedness has not yet fully developed!" But for the most part the idea of Progress was not only unknown to the classic world, it was opposed to its whole spirit. There was indeed no lack of pro-

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gressive men or of the progressive spirit ; mankind has never made such marvellous, manifold, and sudden progress in a single century as the Greeks of the Periclean Age witnessed. But the Greeks themselves distinguished the development of mere material and social improvement from their deeper religious and philosophic conception of the nature of the world as gradually receding from an original "Golden Age" of divine simplicity. So far from progress, there was, therefore, regress in the quality of the world. This conception furnished an inevitable prejudice in favour of social conservatism—often enough overcome in actual practice—but it helped the Ancient World to attain its serene and unequalled insight into the essential facts of life and saved it from the antics of arrogant self-complacency.

With the conquest of Christianity there was a total change in the spiritual atmosphere. Yet it remained even more unfavourable for the idea of Progress. There was still a primitive Golden Age of simplicity from which Man had fallen, and the road of any advance towards a great future on earth was effectually barred by setting up a great future in another world, only to be won by the efforts of the individual soul in detaching himself from this present base world and disinteresting himself of its concerns, present or future ; there might also be a millennium on earth, but that would not be brought about by Man, but only by Divine fiat. The idea of Progress could not

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possibly arise if the world was in the last stages of degeneration and ready to be destroyed at any moment. The idea of an intervening Providence, which came in to support this conception, was also scarcely compatible with any idea of Progress, and the further subsidiary principle of ecclesiastical authority was actively hostile to it. This principle of authority, extended to the classic authors whose superiority to those of mediæval times could not fail to be recognised, not only stood in the way of any idea of Progress, but impeded Progress itself. There was indeed Roger Bacon, but, as Professor Bury makes clear, it is a mistake to associate that wonderful Franciscan friar with the idea of Progress, for, though he boldly asserted the claims of direct experiment in science, he retained the fundamental ideas of his time.

The Renaissance, so great an age of Progress, the age of a thinker like Leonardo da Vinci, whose vision penetrated to the farthest distance ever granted to men, effected nothing for the idea of Progress. It was indeed more unfavourable than even Christianity to any such idea, for it was based on a new veneration for the ancients as the great founts of Art and Knowledge.

It was, however, the spirit introduced by the Renaissance which was destined in the end to prepare the way for the idea of Progress. Authority—the authority of the past—had become the chief obstacle to the emergence of such an idea. But to enter fully into the spirit of the ancients, as the

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Renaissance men were at last able to do, was to reject the principle of authority and to turn to Nature. The last stage of the Renaissance, which may be said to end in the early part of the seventeenth century, was thus decisive for the history of the idea of Progress.

Bodin and Le Roy prepared the way by introducing more rational conceptions of universal history, thereby casting aside the lingering belief in a primitive Golden Age and discrediting the notion of the gradual deterioration of the world. Francis Bacon also came forward with his magnificent message of augmented knowledge in a Great Renovation. But it was Descartes who, more than any other man, made possible the idea of Progress.

Professor Bury points out that this idea is peculiarly French. Not only in its full-blown shape but even in its early germ it grew up on French soil. There is no more essential expression of the French spirit than Cartesianism. It was out of the spirit of Descartes, the most transforming influence on thought the seventeenth century produced, and out of Cartesianism, which was "equivalent to a Declaration of the Independence of Man," that the theory of Progress was developed. Cautious though he was about the particular applications of his principles, Descartes cleared out of the way the whole intellectual edifice of the past with his two fundamental axioms: the supremacy of reason and the invariability of natural

law. He believed, moreover, that the advance of knowledge involved moral advance, and he had at first proposed to call his *Discourse on Method* "the Project of a Universal Science which can elevate our Nature to its highest degree of Perfection." The absolute authority of tradition was now overthrown ; it began to occur to many that the " ancients," after all, belonged to the childhood of the race, and that it is to the moderns that the title " ancient " more properly belongs. The earlier Cartesians hesitated to push the doctrine of Progress to an extreme. The wise Fontenelle, who developed it admirably on the intellectual side, not only admitted that there might be breaks in the advance of knowledge, but refused to extend the idea of Progress to morals, since the heart of Man does not change with the fashions of his mind. But the younger Cartesians were more adventurous. The Abbé de Saint-Pierre, above all, with his exuberant and extravagantly sanguine temperament, throwing out the seeds of new projects, sometimes fruitful, sometimes sterile and absurd, on every side, definitely carried the idea of Progress from the scientific sphere into morals and society, so becoming a leader in the great revolutionary movement of the eighteenth century. He it was who first loudly proclaimed the new creed of Man's indefinite progress in all directions. After that there was little more to do than to elaborate and intensify that creed. This was mainly done by the French encyclopædists—though Diderot saw too many of

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the aspects of Nature to be unduly carried away by the new doctrine—and the distinguished thinkers more or less associated with them, such as Condorcet, Holbach, and Helvétius. Then, in the nineteenth century, the idea of Progress received a new and powerful impetus by being incorporated into Anarchism by Godwin and his disciple Shelley, “the poet of perfectibility,” and into Socialism by Saint-Simon, Robert Owen, and Marx.

Finally came Comte, who, in laying the foundations of sociology, sought to make the idea of Progress its regulative principle, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution, who adopted the theory of the transmissibility of acquired characters and postulated an ever-increasing harmony between Man and his environment, so developing the idea of Progress to its last limits ; it was largely his wide influence which spread abroad the comfortable though not altogether legitimate notion that Evolution and Progress are one.

In his broad and admirable presentation of this important chapter in the history of human ideals, Professor Bury throughout holds the balance even. He presents the idea of Progress with sympathy, almost with enthusiasm, but at the same time he preserves an attitude of genial scepticism. Faith in Progress, he states, is like any other faith—faith in Providence or faith in personal immortality. You are free to accept it or to reject it, but you cannot either prove it or disprove it. His own

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personal attitude may nevertheless be divined. He refers in one place, rather vaguely, to Mr. Balfour's Inaugural Address at Glasgow in 1891 as never having been answered, and in that slight but cogent discussion of Progress, it may be recalled, Mr. Balfour not only pointed out that the best efforts of Man have not been inspired by any faith in a millennium, but definitely disavowed belief in any such future, only admitting improvement in the human environment, and that by constant effort and not by inevitable fate. It is true that Professor Bury dedicates his History to the memory of Saint-Pierre, Condorcet, Comte, Spencer, "and other optimists mentioned in this volume." But should this message reach the abode of those august Shades they will be well advised not to look beyond the Dedication. For if Saint-Pierre, for instance, still impulsively sanguine, should eagerly turn to the chapter which bears his name, he will find it set down among the flowers scattered over his memory that he was unphilosophical, superficial, narrow, almost *naïf*, and a little vulgar. There is perhaps a touch of irony in this use of the word "optimist," more than once occurring in the volume, for Professor Bury cannot fail to be aware that it is scarcely legitimate. A man is an optimist or a pessimist not by his opinions concerning the fate of the world in some indefinitely remote future, but by his estimate of the value of life here and now. No view regarding the ultimate future is incompatible with optimism, and when Whitman

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declared that "There will never be any more perfection than there is now," he would have been surprised to learn that he was a pessimist. If the great spirits of antiquity were all pessimists, the name becomes a title of honour ; and though there may be some grounds for regarding Christianity as a pessimistic religion, Christians have never accepted the appellation. It is, indeed, a little futile to apply the label of pessimism to everyone who had the misfortune to be born before the eighteenth century, however glorious we may reckon that century to be.

Professor Bury's book is, as he is careful to point out, "a purely historical inquiry," and involves no judgment on the general validity of the idea of Progress. In unrolling the historical picture he is compelled to glide without a qualm from one to another of the most disparate aspects of the idea. It is evident that, valuable as it is, such a book as this needs to be supplemented by another, setting forth an analysis of the idea of Progress. Progress in the lump, rolling in all directions at once, with the varying impetus which generations of totally unlike people—Materialists and Idealists, Christians and Agnostics, Individualists and Socialists—have imparted to it, is an impossible monster. It may well be said that the acceptance of the idea of it is "an act of faith." Even the pedestrian metaphor involved in the very name of "Progress" suggests a more rational conception. We cannot "walk forward" any-

where without discrimination; we must needs leave much that we cherish behind; we must needs reject many excellent paths when we choose one. If we break up the idea of Progress, we may find it consist of components with widely varying degrees of validity. Elie Faure, a critic of penetrating though often disorderly insight, writing on civilisation in a book *La Danse sur le Feu et l'Eau*, which is of even more recent appearance than Professor Bury's, recognises three main possible forms of progress—æsthetic, moral, and scientific—of which the last is alone undeniable without any act of faith. It is, at the same time, he points out, the only one which is limited to the construction of a tool, a tool certainly that may be used to great ends, yet still worth no more than the men who use it. Instead of the word "Progress" Faure would prefer the more precise expression, "the realisation of a new equilibrium," which allows for varying differences in the quality of the ages, the nineteenth century being, in Faure's opinion, "without doubt one of the least civilised in History."

Although Professor Bury insists on the pre-occupation of the French with the idea of Progress, he makes no mention of Remy de Gourmont's pregnant conception of "the law of intellectual constancy"—accepted as probable by so distinguished a thinker as Jules de Gaultier—according to which every species is provided with only a limited and constant power, the nature of its achievements being conditioned by the environ-

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mental level on which it happens to be placed. That view is supported by the recent tendency of anthropologists to recognise that what we regard as the modern species of Man really existed at a vastly remote epoch, with just the same physical conformation and the same brain capacity as he possesses to-day. So also it is with a civilisation or, as Faure would call it, the *style* of a people. A civilisation is not indefinitely modifiable, and when it is unable to struggle with hostile conditions it gives place to another more apt, but springing, not from itself, though some of its achievements may be handed on, but from an originally lower human level. The conditions of the present age favour the contact of civilisations, but it is not clear that the result is a new style; it may only be a chaotic confusion of styles.

Putting aside these considerations, and returning to the historical standpoint, it is plausible to hold with Professor Bury that "the animating and controlling idea of western civilisation," during the latest small period of the world's history culminating in the Great War, has been the idea of Progress. Whether it will continue to be so we cannot tell. Professor Bury suggests that the idea of Progress, adopted in a certain not very advanced stage of civilisation, itself involves its own supersession, when a new idea will usurp its place in the direction of humanity. What idea the Protean and infinitely rich spirit of Man may thus put forth, he wisely neglects to indicate.

III

THE WORLD'S RACIAL PROBLEM

This review of Dr. Lothrop Stoddard's THE RISING TIDE OF COLOUR, published in New York, appeared in the NATION, 17th July 1920.

THE expansion of the White race during the period between the discovery of America and the Russo-Japanese War is the leading fact in the recorded history of Man. At first mainly confined to a small corner of the continental earth mass, this race now occupies four-tenths of the entire habitable land-area of the globe, while nearly nine-tenths of the whole area are under its political control ; almost one-third of the human beings on earth to-day are Whites ; they have become the most numerous branch of the human species. Such a situation—impossible even to conceive five hundred years ago—has, so far as we know, never occurred before.

Had the wisdom of the White race been equal to its strength and to its extravagant procreative activity, this situation, however extraordinary, would still not have involved any crucial race problem for the world. It would have been a problem for individual peoples here and there,

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a problem of which they would no doubt sometimes have died, as now happens, while yet the main change of balance might have been effected without great upheavals or permanent friction. But the White race has not been conspicuous for wisdom in the sphere of world politics ; its civilisation has been too materialistic—"one-sided, abnormal, unhealthy," in the words of Dr. Stoddard—and hence it is that in this twentieth century the world is faced by what the author of this book calls the "Crisis of the Ages."

Dr. Stoddard is an American, a graduate of Harvard, and a citizen of New York, and like many Americans, aware that they have to attract the attention of a vast hustling audience absorbed in its own activities over an enormous area, he is inclined to address it through a megaphone, in the strong, simple, emphatic language that instrument demands. His message has thus to be a little discounted, but even when that allowance is made, it remains a message it concerns us to hear, and it is delivered with force and knowledge. It is well to remember that his conclusions are, after all, fundamentally in harmony with those of sober and judicial observers in Europe ; it is enough to mention Professor Demangeon's recent book, *Le Déclin de l'Europe*. Dr. Stoddard makes no claim to be a man of science, and on that account, for the Introduction to his book, he calls on Mr. Madison Grant, who is closely in touch with biology, geography, and anthropology, but here

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makes some rather disputable statements. The author of the book regards himself simply as a student of world politics. In that capacity he has already published some notable writings on the wider aspects of the Great War as well as a purely historical study of *The French Revolution in San Domingo*, which he regards as a prologue to the mighty drama of our own day, the first real shock between the ideals of White supremacy and race equality. His weakness, as has already been hinted, is a tendency to over-statement, a tendency which will unduly imperil the success of his thesis in the judgment of many. It is thus that he lays so much stress on the Nordic peoples of Europe that he would seem at times to regard them as the only valuable element in Europe. That would be a shallow and even false view. The Nordic peoples, or fair long-heads, are widely regarded as simply an early off-shoot of the Mediterranean peoples, the dark long-heads, while the third remaining element in Europe, the Alpine round-heads, is so closely associated and blended with the other two, that we need not view with too much alarm any forecasts of the fate of the unmixed Nordics, who are likely at all events to survive in combinations which, on the Mendelian principles our author accepts, will preserve their qualities intact. In the same way Dr. Stoddard makes here and there considerable play with the bogey of Bolshevism. That also may be premature, for we do not yet know whether the Bolshevist impulse

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will survive, and we do not know whether if it survives it will be altogether transmuted or continue in its original form ; nor do we know, in the last case, whether it will mean regress or a new and fruitful progress. To describe it as "the arch enemy of civilisation and the race" is, at the present stage, merely the vanity of ignorance.

Dr. Stoddard's strength lies, however, in a department where most of us are weak. He has a close grip of world politics ; his outlook is wide ; he has a detailed knowledge of racial problems and racial propaganda all over the world. He is one of the first to realise comprehensively the fateful bearing of the Great War on the larger problems of the world. He became convinced more than ten years ago that it is upon the *quality* of human life that all else depends, and that the keynote of twentieth-century world-politics would be the relation between the primary human races, White and Coloured, so that he comes before us well prepared to analyse the various aspects of that relation, "whose importance for the future of mankind," he declares, "far transcends the questions which engross its attention to-day."

The war, and still more the "peace," have been potent in stirring these problems into acute activity, but it would be a mistake to suppose that either the one or the other generated them. They were bound to arise sooner or later and were becoming active years before the war. There had indeed for a long time been a slow educational process at

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work among the Coloured races of the world, a process in part imitative of the White world and in part critical, but in both aspects leading to an unrest which was further stimulated by the White world's attitude of haughty and domineering superiority. The reality of that superiority was, however sullenly, still accepted even as recently as 1904. Then it was that the Russo-Japanese War effected a complete revolution in the Coloured mind, primarily in Asia and secondarily everywhere. Its momentous character, Dr. Stoddard believes, is not even now fully appreciated. Before that war ideas of revolt had been seething half-unconsciously in millions of Coloured minds. But henceforth those ideas were clarified and dramatised; a new joy and hope thrilled through Coloured veins, and the legend of White invincibility lay henceforth, a shattered idol, in the dust. Yet it was still possible, and even imperative, to feel high respect for White power and White civilisation. But then, ten years later, came the Great War, and the work of destruction was completed. The White race was exhibited before the whole world engaged in a fratricidal conflict of the most ruthless and inhuman kind that could be conceived, and the lesson was not lost on the Coloured spectators. It was the less likely to be lost since they were themselves in part forced to take a hand in it by their maddened and blinded White masters. They were trained and encouraged to conquer and destroy the White man by his own methods; they

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were brought wholesale over to Europe into the closest contact with White civilisation, and shown its hollowness and its shams. No wonder that the seeds have all been sown which are now germinating, and promising a sad harvest for the White man to be the reaper of, or rather, our author suggests, to be the reaped.

The Coloured world has missed nothing of the spectacle, but has followed it all with the most intelligent interest. A large part of this volume is given up to detailed exposition of the racial situation to-day among the four great main divisions of the Coloured population of the world—Yellow, Brown, Red, and Black. These four chapters are full of instruction regarding the present attitude and aspirations of the peoples in question as witnessed by their most conspicuous spokesmen. Everywhere we see the same Renaissance, the outcome of the pregnant events of the past fifteen years, in energetic reaction against White domination. It is the Yellow race, led by Japan, already master of all the scientific secrets of the West, and the Brown race of the Nearer East, in which ferments the forceful and ever-expanding leaven of Islam, that are the protagonists of this Renaissance. The Black peoples, however restless and discontented, are comparatively inoffensive and in any case easy to placate, while the American Indians are a small and diminishing race. But the Yellow and Brown peoples are not only by far the most capable, they are also by far the most

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numerous. They already outnumber the Whites by nearly two to one, and at the present time they are expanding at a more rapid rate. This result has been largely brought about by White domination, putting down local wars, combating epidemic disease, and improving the food supply. "That this profound Asiatic renaissance will eventually result in the substantial elimination of White political control from Anatolia to the Philippines is as natural as it is inevitable."

Looking at the matter, as Dr. Stoddard looks at it, from the White and more especially the Nordic standpoint, which is that of England even more than of America, the danger that menaces our position in the immediate future, and our very existence in the more remote future, is threefold : the peril of arms, the peril of markets, and the peril of migrations. The Coloured military peril, the author thinks, is often exaggerated, though he is careful to add that exact forecast is impossible. The Japanese have become the approved match of a Western power alike on land and sea, and though the Chinese are pacific they have had their bellicose moments and might easily again, especially under the leadership of Japan, which would then become by far the mightiest military power in the world. The industrial menace to the White world, already foreseen by Pearson thirty years ago, is a more certain danger, likely to act partly by the development of the world's natural resources, destroying the White man's chief present source of

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prosperity, and partly by a deliberate resolve of the exasperated Coloured peoples to boycott White industrial activities. Most potent of all these dangers, however, is migration. For a long time past the Coloured world has been pressing on the domain held, but by no means always utilised, by the White world, which is frequently even constitutionally incapable of utilising them. Natural expansion and human justice imperatively demand such migrations. The White barriers built to hold them back are completely artificial. The White labourer can nowhere, *absolutely nowhere*—Dr. Stoddard is here even more than usually emphatic—compete with the Coloured labourer. The more we approach to Democracy, to the supremacy of Labour, to the Directorate of the Proletariat, the more inevitable we are rendering the Dictatorship of the Coloured man and his right to settle where he will. Yet “such migrations upset standards, sterilise better stocks, increase low types, and compromise national futures more than war, revolutions, or native deterioration.” The author brings forward the examples of Natal, Mauritius, and Hawaii, new outposts of Asia, which indicate the directions in which the rising tide of Colour is flowing.

Dr. Stoddard possesses, however, all the temperamental optimism and self-confidence of the White Nordic man, whose champion he remains throughout. He refuses even to consider whether it is reasonable to expect that a race which has only

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risen to prominence during the past four centuries—a minute fragment of the world's history—should henceforth remain predominant for ever ; he seems unable even to conceive that the impartial whirligig of time may quite easily dispense with the White man, and bring younger, fresher races to the top. He is content to concern himself mainly with the measures which may contribute to the maintenance of White supremacy, if not for ever, at all events a little longer. Since, by the prejudice of colour, we must mostly be on his side in this matter, we may profitably meditate on the reasonable considerations he brings forward.

There are three points in Dr. Stoddard's "irreducible minimum" of immediate action : (1) The "wretched Versailles business" must be thoroughly revised, before the dragon's teeth it has sown all over Europe and Asia have had time to take root and produce a crop of cataclysms which will assuredly seal the White man's doom ; (2) an amicable understanding must be arrived at between the White world and renascent Asia—we abandoning our tacit assumption of permanent domination over Asia, and the Asiatics forgoing their dream of occupying White lands and penetrating Africa and Latin America—for, in the absence of such agreement, the world will drift into a gigantic race-war ; (3) migrations of lower types, even within the White world, such as those which have worked havoc in the United States, must be rigorously curtailed.

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These steps, the author believes, if taken in time, will give our wounds a chance to heal, and permit the operation of larger measures which must necessarily be gradual. They will allow time for the biological revelations of modern times to penetrate the popular consciousness and transfuse our materialism with a new idealism. Slowly we may expect that the supreme importance of heredity, and the immensely greater weight that belongs to quality over quantity in the production of stock, will generate a true race-consciousness, bridge political gulfs, remedy social abuses, and purify the impulses of race mixture. It will also allow time—though on this point the author is less emphatic than his sense of the immense dangers of excessive fertility would lead us to expect—for the extension of birth-control. The old checks on the increase of population have largely fallen away; that is why we see to-day the excessive fertility which threatens to drown the whole world in blood. “The real enemy of the dove of peace,” as Dr. Stoddard puts it, “is not the eagle of pride or the vulture of greed, but the stork.” The new interest which to-day Japan and China and India are taking in birth-control is the most significant movement of our time. We are about to witness, not merely in Europe, but in Asia, a fateful race between the brute instinct of unchecked procreation and the reasoned and deliberate impulse of birth-control, and on the issue of that race the existence of our civilisation will depend.

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Dr. Stoddard is sanguine. Yet, in spite of his enthusiasm for the White race and his willingness to fight in the last ditch for its defence, he admits a doubt. Everything has to be paid for, and the White world has not been conspicuous for reasonableness, or justice, or humanity. We have failed to adapt ourselves to the radically new conditions which modern science has produced. The mysteries of heredity are being revealed to us, but we are still content to tinker at the environment; we remain simply euthenists instead of eugenists. Our whole urban and industrial life is avowedly dysgenic. The diminishing value of our racial stocks is reflected in the folly of our statesmen, heedless that the crisis we approach is of their own creation, reckless that if they make possible another White civil war our whole civilisation will collapse by the sheer weight of its own imbecility. We may find such consolation as we can in the likelihood that the White world will last our time. For, as they said of old time in a clumsy metaphor that was yet a true intuition of the facts of heredity, when the fathers eat sour grapes it is their children's teeth that are set on edge.

IV

THE NOVELIST TURNED BIOLOGIST

This review of WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY, by Morley Roberts, appeared in the NATION of 20th November 1920.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS has long been known as a novelist. He has experimented in more than one field of fiction, aided therein by an adventurous life on land and sea, at one time before the mast, in various parts of the world. It is less well known that Mr. Morley Roberts is also a patient and laborious student of biological and especially pathological problems, and in no amateurish spirit, but combining a wide vision with accurate and precise knowledge of details. If any testimony is needed to the claim that Mr. Roberts must be taken seriously in the field he has so daringly entered, it is furnished in the Introduction to this book by the distinguished Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, who, in the course of it, mentions his surprise when he discovered that "Morley Roberts, the erudite writer on medical and allied problems, was the same Morley Roberts who is known in Bohemia as an artist of noted skill with pen and brush."

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In seeking to explain this remarkable phenomenon, Professor Keith invokes the example of Pasteur who, after gaining reputation in chemistry, turned with the scientific skill thus acquired to a totally different science, and revolutionised our conception of disease. But, as Professor Keith realises, the example scarcely illustrates the case of Mr. Roberts. The "Bohemia" in which it is claimed Mr. Roberts was trained, is not a recognised school of scientific research. We may perhaps think, rather, of Samuel Butler who, on the foundation of a general literary and scholarly culture, devoted himself to difficult biological problems, with results which, though in his own time regarded with a disdain which he himself provoked, are now seen to be in the line of much recognised scientific thought. In some respects also he closely resembles the accomplished and versatile editor of the international journal, *Scientia*, Eugenio Rignano, who, disclaiming competence in any special science, has insisted, like Mr. Roberts, on the fertilising effects of bringing the ideas gained in one field of science into contact with another, as is set forth in his highly suggestive *Essays in Scientific Synthesis*, not long since issued in an English dress. Even within the sphere of the various medical and allied sciences the illuminating results of what Rignano calls "unifying vision" in bringing two or three sciences together, have sometimes been seen, as in Sir J. Bland Sutton's attractive little book in the Contemporary

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Science Series on *Evolution and Disease* (to which Mr. Roberts does justice) and in Dr. Woods Hutchinson's fascinating *Studies in Comparative Pathology*; while before and beyond these we have the inspiring example of Virchow, one of the greatest Masters of Medicine, who brought so many fields of knowledge within the vast range of his vision.

The special formative influence on Mr. Roberts's scientific work has doubtless been the personal experiences which have brought him into many-sided contact with human society in various parts of the world. His primary guiding idea, as he makes clear, is the existence of an analogy between society and the physical organism. We know society, Mr. Roberts argues, in some respects much better than we know the human body, and applying by analogy what we know of society to the body we may further scientific knowledge. The idea is not, of course, original (it is found, for instance, in Woods Hutchinson, whose explanation of cancer was along the same path as Mr. Roberts's), but it is doubtless just now "in the air," and we may see it, for instance, in the newly published work, *Symbiosis: A Socio-Physiological Study of Evolution*, by Mr. Reinheimer, a scientific writer who resembles Mr. Roberts in freedom from professional scientific prepossessions, although he has behind him a medical education, but, unlike Mr. Roberts, emphasises the complicated reciprocity of symbiosis rather than its latent hostility. Mr.

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Roberts seems still a little obsessed by the atmosphere of the late war which, having Prussianised our military ideas, seems now seeking to do the same for our scientific ideas. At the end of his book he inserts an admittedly rather unrelated address which he delivered to officers in 1915 for their instruction in the conduct of war. Here, we may note, he begins by describing with a prophet's inspiration, "the splendid natural activity of a military life," as he had observed it in Essex, but then, following an opposed course to that other prophet inspired beyond his own will, Balaam the son of Beor, he swiftly turns round to tell these unfortunate officers that they are just "grist for the military mill," and finally declares that an army is nothing but "an organised crowd in action," and that a crowd is beastly, reptilian, savage, mad, devilish. All very true, no doubt, but scarcely helpful to Mr. Roberts's scientific argument.

In this connection Mr. Roberts brings forward a rather unnecessary defence of analogy. It is well recognised that analogy is a most valuable and indeed inevitable mode of progressing in thought. But one or two points of resemblance do not constitute a good analogy when they are counter-balanced by strong points of dissemblance. The analogy of society and an organism only becomes sound when we have in view some organism very low in the scale of life, for the higher organisms have this crucial point of dissemblance from society

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in that their units have become structurally and not merely functionally modified. It is much the same with the attempt to find biological analogies with war (not quite happily embodied in the title of the book), which certainly Mr. Roberts never found in the *Lectures on Pathology* of Dr. H. G. Sutton—that man of little recognised genius who first inspired Mr. Roberts to enter this field—for the lesson which it seemed to Sutton pathology taught is that of harmony and love, and he was indeed almost a mystic. (A characteristic sentence may here be quoted from Sutton's *Lectures*: "I often feel that I would like to take the students and with them sit upon the earth naked, to know, to feel, to get our senses into Nature's widespread operations, to enable us to be a unity with the One.") Symbiosis—the relationship of mutual aid between two groups of cell colonies or organisms—may, Mr. Roberts argues, alike in society and in the human body, become a self-protection against mutual encroachment, an "armed neutrality," a "subdued hostility." In generalising this idea he refers to the already recognised view that the bones are constructed on the mechanical principles of the thrust given and received that are employed in architecture. The body is built after the same rules as a cathedral. Mr. Roberts regards this as a kind of warfare, and uncritically adopts the saying: "Gothic architecture is a fight." But the essence of war is violence. In reality Mr. Roberts knows this quite well, and when he

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proceeds to describe the beautifully adjusted balance of opposing forces in these examples of man's and Nature's art, the exact mutual adjustment and harmony of thrusts (for even disease, in Mr. Roberts's view, is not destructive violence, but often a beneficial process of repair), he is describing something that in no way corresponds to war. It is only when this harmonious and adjusted opposition breaks down and ends in confused violence that we have what may be analogous to war. To describe a beautifully calculated and harmonious balance of forces as itself a warfare is thus the exact opposite of the truth.

To bring forward these preliminary critical considerations is not, even in the smallest degree, to discount the value of Mr. Roberts's work. For as soon as he comes to the details of his inquiry he is always careful, precise, and cautious, never seeking to state as certain what he recognises as merely a tentative explanation. This method is admirably illustrated by the chapter in which he seeks to explain the cause of cancer, starting from a consideration of the skin inflammation caused by X-rays, and seeking for light, as he puts it, "not only in the lesser laboratory, but in the great laboratory of life all round us." The phenomena of zoological and political symbiosis are closely alike. We are all potential criminals at the mercy of excitation and inhibition. "All growth may be analysed into excitation and inhibition." "Malig-

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nancy," or invasiveness, is characteristic of all growing tissue, and growth is ruled by the endocrine organs, so that it is not absurd to put cancers into related sub-classes with giantism and similar diseases connected with excess or defect of internal secretions. When we proceed to examine the precise mechanism of cancer, we find it consists in the mutual relations of epithelium and connective tissue. It is in their mutual influence and its excesses and defects, in the symbiosis between the two tissues, that Mr. Roberts finds the real explanation of sarcoma and epithelioma; irritation, infection, and the other alleged causes being real factors in the matter, but merely secondary. "Anything that throws the organism out of gear is a possible factor of malignancy, and that is the reason why, with the increase of wealth, a new and highly varied environment, which tends to produce variation, makes for the increase of such disease," though, one may comment, Mr. Roberts will find plenty of cancer among people living the simplest lives of routine in the most peaceful rural districts, and there is much to be said for those who lay stress in this connection on the isolation of a physiologically decadent organ in an organism generally robust and well nourished. Malignancy is a failure of developmental machinery. But whether or not this is a final explanation of cancer, and Mr. Roberts modestly disclaims anything but a provisional result, we feel that a highly difficult and debated question has been put on a broad and

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rational foundation and illuminated from several sides. The discussion well illustrates Mr. Roberts's argument that "the divisions between physiology, pathology, and biology are responsible in a very large measure for the slowness with which they all advance."

The next essay, on *Repair in Evolution* (followed up by a subsequent essay on *Heredity and Environment*), furnishes a yet more wide-reaching suggestion, the more notable because of its temerity in questioning a widely accepted belief. But, as Mr. Roberts truly remarks: "Every Bible is first a book of revelation and then a refuge for reaction."

Darwin held that evolution is mainly due to small fortuitous variations which are transmitted when favourable and eliminated when unfavourable. This doctrine Mr. Roberts here queries. What, he asks, do we mean by "disadvantageous" or injurious? If we believe, what has often been stated, that growth takes place in reaction to stress, just in the same way as in engineering and architecture, we may have to realise that "the function of disease in evolution is of much greater importance than that of mere elimination." If we realise the processes found in every kind of human constructive effort, we may come to see that all great variational developments result, not from the happy-go-lucky aggregation of small advantageous variations, or from discontinuous variations, Mendelian or not, but from repair in response to

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partial failure, a reaction, that is to say, to some actual or threatened breakdown, analogous to the buttress by which the architect meets the outward thrust of his walls which might otherwise threaten to fall. "Variation in the structure of living organisms follows exactly the same principle." The mammal, with all its complexity, may be regarded as the result of infinite ages of functioned failure or disease, met by processes of reaction and repair. The variation itself may be a failure of normal function, but if the few that recover become a new species, a mended race, it is no longer disease, and may even prove truly advantageous. In illustration the example of the heart is happily invoked, "a perfect museum of extraordinary failures and dislocations, compensated for by an extraordinary complication of patched-up tissues, moulded and remoulded on the general lines of mechanical construction, breakdown, and repair." We learn to see that "by failure itself may come eventual perfection." We cannot here invoke random spontaneous variations. It seems obvious that there has been a series of caused variations due to increased and varying stresses, just as happens in an aneurism. Probably the human heart is even now being remoulded, perhaps chiefly while still in the womb, responding with plastic embryonic tissues to new stresses. The stomach has developed similarly, and Mr. Roberts suggests that dilatation of the stomach, which to-day is a disordered condition, may eventually

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become balanced with the rest of the organism, and even prove a permanently advantageous modification. Every variation, he feels fortified to maintain, is definitely caused; it is not accidental or spontaneous. Every organism is a complex of definite reactions to definite stresses. "Life is built up by stopping leaks." This argument obviously assumes that such reactions are hereditary, and Mr. Roberts believes that organisms do tend to repeat themselves, invoking as regulators in this field the action of the internal secretions, which we know, in fact, to have so profoundly regulative an action: "In this way a bridge may perhaps be built between the orthodox Weismannian and the Lamarckian."

In subsequent essays, sweeping away mere verbal attempts at explanation, and in his characteristic way enlarging the basis of generalisation, Mr. Roberts deals with the alleged "inhibitory" action of the vagus nerve on the heart, and with the theory of "immunity," which he seeks to reduce to the general fact that "living protoplasm develops machinery to deal with the assault it undergoes." Mr. Roberts seems less happily inspired in a subsequent excursion into the sphere of anthropology, on the place of cannibalism in human evolution. Accepting, as is now widely done, the validity of Remy de Gourmont's law of Intellectual Constancy (but making no reference to that famous thinker), and proceeding to inquire how it was that man so early acquired his high

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intellectual level, he hazards the supposition that it was the pursuit by war of his fellows for the purpose of food, and the peculiar dietetic value of that food, producing a more rapid development of cerebral and mental characteristics than has been possible since the practice was discontinued. He reasserts, and with more emphasis than ever, the old-fashioned views as to the primitive origin alike of war and of cannibalism, without even troubling to discuss the investigations and discussions of writers like Holsti, J. C. Wheeler, and W. J. Perry on war, and of Westermarck on cannibalism. It cannot even be said that he pauses to consider whether the alleged results of cannibalistic diet are in fact seen among peoples adopting it. The objection to the view he puts forward is not, as Mr. Roberts seems to think, that it is shocking to some people—for that is no matter—but that it fails to take account of a vast number of relevant facts and considerations. The place of the imagination in science, which Mr. Roberts invokes, is undisputed, but even anthropology is not a completely free field for imagination to disport in, and, if it were, others besides Mr. Roberts would be able to dance in it, and to quite different tunes.

Yet while these essays may differ in value—and it would seem that it is in those of pathological subject that Mr. Roberts has his “unifying vision” most under control—they are nearly all well worthy the attention of thoughtful readers who

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will not be repulsed by the technical terms that are sometimes inevitable. There is, however, something more to be said about them. They will bring to some readers a sense of fresh air, of joyous exhilaration, such as is too rarely experienced by contact with the subjects here discussed. The tendency of science is ever more and more towards specialisation. The worker must shut himself in to the contemplation of problems that every day become smaller relatively to the whole vast field, and every day leave him with less spare time to cast a glance over that vast field. The giants of old days could work in large and fruitful ways, which even for them would be impossible in our time. Leonardo da Vinci—all whose training for science was in art, yet a supreme master of science—by virtue of his courageous and single-eyed devotion to Nature wherever she might lead, by virtue also of his calm and piercing vision into the actual facts of the world, could pass from one sphere of observation to another, laying the foundations of a dozen sciences as he went. There will never be another Leonardo. But still, now and again, some humble disciple appears in the school of which he was the glorious master. When we chance to come across one, let us be glad.

V

THE RELIGION OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

Dr. Alphonse Maeder of Zurich published in 1918 his book on healing and development in the psychic life : HEILUNG UND ENTWICKLUNG. My review of it, here reprinted, appeared in the JOURNAL OF MENTAL SCIENCE for July 1921.

DR. MAEDER is a notable representative of the Swiss school of psycho-analysis. In these lectures, on the significance of psycho-analysis for modern life, delivered during the war to students at Geneva and at Lausanne, and now published in German and in French, he brings forward an interesting exposition of the special doctrines of that school in their wider relations. The author regards these relations as very wide. The old world, he feels, has been overthrown by the insanity of the warring nations. Now, he declares, is the time for psycho-analysis to come in. It has proved its power to heal the individual ; it must now prove its power to heal the nations, explaining to them that salvation is not to be attained by destroying each other, but in the free development of the individuality of each nation, in harmony with the whole. "The idea of regeneration—self-healing in the psychic life—governs this work." One

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fears, however, that that is an idea hardly fashionable as yet among the belligerent nations.

For Dr. Maeder the psycho-analytic movement is a reaction against the prevailing spirit of the nineteenth century. He regards that age as one of mere intellectualism and mechanism, an age of materialism in science and impressionism in art, an age which found its appropriate climax in the Great War. But already the reaction was being prepared. William James and Bergson are here regarded as, above all, the pioneers of the new movement. Then came Freud, the bearer of regeneration, and now all our problems are in course of solution. "Out of apparent chaos," to quote the concluding sentence of the work, "a brighter and fairer vision of the cosmos will arise; for tragic and suffering mankind there will again be an age of faith." It may be a little disconcerting to some to be told that in connection with psycho-analysis "mention must also be made of Christian science, spiritism, metaphysical investigation, theosophy, and anthroposophy."

In an interesting passage Dr. Maeder describes his own conversion to the religious significance of psycho-analysis. It came through the Freudian analysis of his own dreams. He found that some dreams were attempts at the solution, in the form of imagery, of unconscious conflicts, and he found in a succession of cases that the actual course of events confirmed, or rather embodied, the solutions attempted in the dreams. He came to regard

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dreams as precursors of life, directing the changes of unconscious constellations. He saw that dreams have a teleological function, and then he realised that this function belongs to the whole unconscious life, of which dreams are merely one manifestation. This discovery made a profound impression upon him. His Positivism and his mechanistic conception of life were shattered. He realised the existence of a deeper meaning in life. He found that he had but to look within in order to find there that living force of which Jesus had spoken—"the Way, the Truth, and the Life." A new strength and trust developed within him. Through psycho-analysis he had been brought into immediate contact with what religion and philosophy had, indeed, taught, but life not rendered accessible.

In the first lecture a sketch is given of the development of psycho-analysis as it appears from the standpoint of the Swiss school. The great pioneering part played by Freud is fully recognised, but his work is considered to be limited by the fact that it is mainly analytic, while his recognition of psycho-sexuality, which liberated science from ancient prejudices, was exaggerated into pan-sexualism. Alfred Adler, an original mind, but of different type and less breadth than Freud, provided a valuable complement to his work. Then the Swiss school, initiated by Professor Bleuler, came on the scene, and of this Jung soon became the leader. The Swiss school brought experimental methods, with the so-called association experiments,

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to bear on Freud's results, and made them measurable; they turned their attention to certain psychoses and renewed psychiatry, so that an asylum patient, instead of being merely an object of pity and scientific curiosity, became a human being who could be understood and approached—no longer a chaos, but a labyrinth to which the Ariadne clue had been found; they replaced Freud's narrow conception of psycho-sexuality by that of affectivity, and formulated a bio-psychological conception of libido embracing the whole normal and pathological life, especially psychic development; with the Swiss school psycho-analysis became also psycho-synthesis, and Claparède extended it to education and Flournoy to the study of religious and mystical problems. All this, Dr. Maeder declares, we owe to the Swiss school. "Not only from our mountains and lakes, but from the minds and hearts of our people, a stream of regenerating force is flowing forth, of which humanity is in greater need than ever before."

Throughout these lectures much attention is given to an elaborate comparison between the course of psycho-analysis and Dante's course through the *Divine Comedy*. That is, indeed, their leading idea. By the process of psycho-analysis the soul is led through Hell and Purgatory to Paradise, just as Dante was led in his great poem. Therein we see also the great importance of *Uebertragung*, of the temporary transference of

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the patient's affection to the physician, which Dr. Maeder regards as essential. The physician occupies the place of Virgil in the *Divine Comedy*; he is the guide. But his part is only temporary, and in the later stages it is taken by that divine Beatrice who has her place in the depths of the patient's own soul.

It will be seen that this little book is not for everyone; but for those who regard psycho-analysis as a new religion it will almost serve as a breviary.

VI

SCIENCE AND INSPIRATION

This letter to the NATION (30th July 1921) was occasioned by the introduction of my name in a discussion concerning the qualities required in men of science. One disputant, "S," argued that there is no place in science for the "amateur," that is to say, one without the necessary discipline or the necessary knowledge to know what he is talking about. "M²," on the other hand, argued that inspiration is needed in science, and was prepared to assert that poets are the best biologists. He referred to my work as illustrating his argument. Hence the following letter, in which I pointed out that I could not find myself on his side more than on his opponent's, and that if science is poetry it can only be so provided poetry is a discipline. I might add here that even Bergson, who is regarded as the apostle of intuition, has never said that intuition sufficed for scientific discovery, holding that it must be preceded by a long preparatory discipline of work.

SIR :

I HAVE no wish to intervene in the controversy between "M²." and "S." But since my name has been introduced to illustrate one side of the argument, I may perhaps be allowed to say that, on referring to "S.'s" article, I do not find my place more on that side than on the other. In the deep sense, every true man of science is an amateur—that is to say, a lover ; men of such high scientific rank as Darwin and Galton were doubtless amateurs even in the superficial sense. Yet they showed all the traits on

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which "S." insists : accuracy, pertinency, freedom from prejudice, a mastery of existing knowledge. If we turn to one of the supreme types of science, Kepler was marked by a combination of the wildest imagination with a critical accuracy never before known ; without either he could not have done his work. The first quality, men are born with or without, and by itself it is useless ; the second may be cultivated, and will suffice for an honest journeyman in science. On the humble level at which I am held to witness to inspiration, I would point out that when I ventured to attempt to bring order into a certain field of the facts of life I, first of all, entered the conventional portal of a medical school, and spent some twenty years of patient and plodding training, in laboratories and hospital wards, and in acquiring the knowledge already garnered in many languages. I have seldom thought of science as an inspiration, though such it may be ; I have often thought of science as a discipline. Half a century ago, James Hinton, anticipating some more distinguished men of science, brought forward the reasons why we may conclude that "Science is Poetry." He knew that poetry is not only an inspiration ; it is also a discipline.—Yours, &c.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

VII

THE PLACE OF REASON

This review of Professor J. B. Baillie's STUDIES IN HUMAN NATURE was published in the NATION, 12th November 1921.

REASON has in modern times fallen on evil days among the philosophers. In classic times the supreme place of intellect was not so much argued as assumed. It seems to have held that place more or less securely until the seventeenth century. Then Hobbes appeared with his keen, independent way of looking at things. Reason, which lay, as he understood it, in the estimation of consequences, he certainly regarded as a human trait, but remarkably rare, right reason at all events ; it mightily prevailed in its wrong forms, so that "the privilege of Absurdity" was exclusively human and carried to its extreme, he maintained, precisely by the philosophers. Spinoza it was, however, who, with greater insight and precision, dealt the first really nasty blow at Reason by holding that it is Appetite, or impulse, and not Reason, that is the essence of Man ; Reason became for Spinoza (though what he took with one hand he gave back with the other) the instrument of the passions. That was not the general opinion ; Spinoza was a highly intellectual

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person, and such persons are apt to belittle the intellect ; that is the way in which the repressed emotional impulses subconsciously wreak vengeance on their master. It was not until we reach the nineteenth century that Spinoza's point of view became common, the very century in which Hegel is by some acclaimed as the climax of pure intellectualism. The reaction seems to have started among religious thinkers revolting against the triumphant Rationalism of the eighteenth century ; Schleiermacher was here a significant figure. But it passed over into a broader stream of thought, and neither Schopenhauer nor Nietzsche was inclined to make Reason supreme. Meanwhile, the same view was seemingly favoured by the theory of evolution. Bergson, indeed, as we know, even boldly took over the word "evolution" for a system which heroically attempted to put Reason in its proper place, and a humble place it turned out to be. Professor McDougall, in his *Social Psychology*, the most influential book of its kind published in recent years, only mentions Reason to remark that "the intellectualist doctrine is radically false." Mr. F. H. Bradley, who has been not less influential for a more select public, has declared that the notion that "mere intellect is the highest side of our nature" is only "a superstition." It would all be very puzzling to the ancient world which had accepted as a matter of course the statement of Menander, substantially the belief of his great contemporary, Aristotle : "Our Mind is God."

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The blind worship of Reason is itself unreasonable. There was therefore all justification for the attempt to analyse the reasoning impulse, and to find out its natural relation to the other impulses. In so doing, we were not depreciating the intellectual function, we were merely enabling it the better to do its proper work, carrying out a process in which we might even consider human progress largely to consist, *De Emendatione Intellectus*. But it so happened that this criticism of Intellect was pursued with a recklessness which tended rather to overthrow than to strengthen the place of reason in life. It was too much, for many of those who had at first most warmly welcomed the broadening of the old arid intellectualist doctrine as full of fertilising possibilities for thought, and they begun to protest with the preacher: "We prayed for rain, but, O Lord! this is ridiculous." Thus, just before the Great War, Mr. Graham Wallas, by no means the fanatical champion of any purely intellectualist theory, remarked, with what may now seem prophetic insight, that the enormous disaster of an internecine war was made more possible by representing thought as the mere servant of the lower passions; for, he added, "if Reason has slain its thousands, instinct has slain its tens of thousands." We may doubt, Fichte notwithstanding, whether philosophers have much direct influence in the making of wars. But there can be no doubt that the makers of wars are attracted to the philosophies which put them in

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the right. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that the generation which made the Great War devotes itself zealously to the exaltation of Unreason. Its practitioners are thus enabled to walk hand in hand with its theoreticians.

These considerations seem to be in place when one is asked to consider the case of Mr. J. B. Baillie, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen and Chairman of the Jute Board. Professor Baillie produced the standard English version of Hegel's *Phenomenology of Mind*, and fifteen years ago he published a book entitled *The Idealistic Construction of Experience*. It is a book which, if one might venture to form an opinion by merely looking into it, seems to belong to the old order of thought and to be not incompatible with devotion to the arduous task of translating and expounding Hegel, for Professor Baillie is here shocked at those who would eliminate the term "Absolute" from philosophy; he himself uses it a dozen times in a page, and he is convinced that for those who accept "Absolute Spirit," in the sense that he accepts it, "there can be only one philosophy." He is assured of "the certainty of the work of Reason at every stage," Morality and Religion, indeed, not being "Reason as such," but still rational "developments of Reason with characteristic distinctions of their own," and he definitely recognises "the common claim for Reason as the highest experience of the knowing consciousness."

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Meanwhile, the Great War has come, and, to some extent, gone, leaving many people—including, as it now appears, Professor Baillie himself—with the conviction that it is not so much Reason as Unreason which possesses the “common claim” to direct high human affairs. During the war, we learn from *Who's Who*, the Professor was actively engaged in various fields from Textiles to Aërated Waters, which all seem the unlikeliest in which to look for a strayed moral philosopher. He came through triumphantly, however, and even before the publication of the present important piece of propaganda a grateful Government hastened to bestow upon him the right (which he here refrains from availing himself of) to place after his name the letters O.B.E.—an honour of a kind to which not Diogenes nor even Plato had ever aspired.

Whether, and to what extent, this book was written before the war, is not indeed clear. But we may accept the implications of its Preface that it has mainly been written since. On emerging from that world and returning to the sphere of calm reflection, Professor Baillie seems to have found that he had to readjust his idealistic construction of experience. We need not too hastily assume that his work in the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty had aroused a suspicion of intelligence. It may be that the initiation into the war-world of primitive passions subconsciously aroused a powerful answering chord of sympathy, not consciously, for the few allusions here to the

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war are in the conventional tone of deprecation. But, however it was, Professor Baillie felt called upon to revise, if not to reverse, his whole conception of the world, and to come forth—though he would not himself consider this the most judicious way of putting it—to justify the ways of Unreason to men.

There is no indication of this on the threshold. He seems to begin in the way, according to the legend, Fray Luis de Leon began after returning to his professorial chair at Salamanca from the prison of the Inquisition: "As we were saying yesterday—" But, it soon becomes clear, the things Professor Baillie has to say are far from being the things he said "yesterday." Hegel, to whom he had devoted so large a slice of his life, is here only introduced to be tossed contemptuously aside. The "Absolute Spirit" which stood colossally astride his previous book has shrunk to microscopic dimensions, and if mentioned at all, it is with cool disdain. "Common Sense" now takes the place of the "Absolute" and is appealed to as the supreme tribunal, though less so as the argument grows complicated, for perhaps, after all, Common Sense might prove a disguise of Reason. It appears, however, to be Common Sense which condemns the Intellect, for the Intellect, after all, is only one function among many in man's complex individuality, and scarcely the highest—a function, moreover, which is influenced by all sorts of factors. That, the author declares,

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it is the object of his book to show, and he sarcastically refers to the "almost magical significance" which some ascribe to Intellect. For as to "the certainty of Reason," we are now told that "the Spirit of the World must have something else to do than to be reasonable"; and perhaps (here, the author admits, he has the war in mind, and it is the most instructive personal touch in the book) "dramatic completeness," rather than Reason, is the chief human quality. Reason, indeed, may have its uses, though but "little more than the mailed champion of the passions," or, if more, merely "a species of spiritual machinery which, if wound up, and set going according to certain laws, will turn out a certain product," in the sphere of Science leading us to trace goodness to "the guileful instinct of self-preservation which equally, though with unequal success, guides the wasp to its victim and the saint to the Holy Grail." It would even appear that the human intellect is less fitted for its task than almost any other function of the human mind. The whole "intellectualistic prejudice" is, he thinks, the fatal legacy of Greek ideals. As to the belief that "there can only be one philosophy," he seems even to have forgotten that he ever cherished it; casting his early dogmatism to the winds he avows himself a philosophical sceptic, though he is careful to hedge this avowal with the congenial explanation that scepticism can be legitimately directed only against the Intellect. There is room for any

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number of varying philosophies, nor is it necessary to have any philosophy at all; "disagreement in fact is part of the interest of the undertaking," for Common Sense prefers this "apparent discordance of healthy natural sanity." Nor is the intellect, even then, in the narrow sense here understood, allowed any credit for philosophies; they are "the products of the artistic imagination" and "designed to satisfy the æsthetic sense." If Nietzsche had not already appropriated the title, Professor Baillie might have called these "Studies in Human Nature," "Human, All-too-Human," and taken as the motto of the whole book the Shakespearean saying he prefixes to one chapter: "Thought's the Slave of Life." He might add, from the same play, the dictum of that arch-anti-intellectualist, Falstaff: "Instinct is a great matter."

It is a remarkable fact, illustrated by even greater philosophers than Falstaff, that the disparagement of the intellect has an exhilarating effect. Even when we have put aside early masters of thought like Hobbes and Spinoza and Hume, still attractive, and legitimately so, and bear in mind Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and Bergson and James, we cannot recall any quadrille of modern intellectualist philosophers who have made so wide and intimate an appeal. Professor Baillie, with whatever long an interval, is in the tradition. For one reader of his *Idealistic Construction*, the *Studies in Human Nature* will probably have,

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and certainly deserve, a hundred readers. Even those who feel least sympathy with the author's endless "intellectual" ingenuity in seeking out tender spots in the anatomy of Intellect and mischievously sticking pins into them, cannot fail to enjoy that ingenuity, as well as the versatile subtlety with which he seeks to guard his own position, so that when, for instance, he finds it perilously near to Pragmatism, he calmly assumes an air of strict impartiality and makes a show of knocking over Pragmatism and Anti-Pragmatism together. (Needless to say, they both, and especially the first, resume the upright position directly he has passed.) There is, however, a more solid satisfaction than this to be found in the book. Throughout there are passages, often admirably written, however fragmentary or perhaps inconsistent, which will appeal as deeply true, or stimulate reflection, or challenge fruitful contradiction. No thoughtful reader need regret the time he has spent over the book, whether or not he responds to the call of its anti-intellectualist *leit-motiv*. At the end, indeed, Professor Baillie a little relents. Some readers may have come unkindly to suspect that his attitude towards Reason was largely one of personal pique; Reason had refused to be prostituted to his ends, to prove the things he wanted proved, and in this book he was "paying her out." But after so often asserting, and oftener implying, that Reason is only one way of "knowing," and one of the most unsatisfactory ways, he

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finally permits it a certain equality with the other ways. We no longer seem to hear him cry on every page: "*Ecrasez l'infâme!*" In an excellent chapter on "Science and the Humanities," he justifies the ancient and sound view that Science itself is one of the Humanities; he admits, what he had seemed so long to forget, that "without consistent rationality, which Science alone can claim to secure," Man may yet find himself again "among the waste places of the world alongside the ape and the tiger." Now at length Professor Baillie begins to realise that "the main avenues of approach to supreme self-fulfilment and to supreme reality"—by the intellect in the attainment of "truth," by the life of feeling in the attainment of "beauty," by the will in "goodness"—must be harmoniously associated; "for unless art gives grace and refinement to the human character, it has failed of its complete purpose: unless science makes the whole life intelligent and tolerant, it has not succeeded in its aim: unless the one adds sweetness and the other adds light to the spirit of goodness, neither has fully justified its existence." One begins to perceive that what the author had really been engaged in doing through the greater part of this book was, as St. Paul would have put it, crucifying the old man. It was a necessary crucifixion, for if we cannot accept the indignities put upon Reason in this book, still less can we accept the "Reason" itself which had been put up for worship in the previous book.

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The outcome seems to be that while it is necessary to criticise and to amend, to enlarge and to deepen, the old conceptions of the Intellect, there is not therein any ground for putting down Reason from its lofty place. We may attempt to regard "intellect" as merely one item in "mind," but when we have extracted all that pertains to intellect there is little left that is worth calling "mind." We may all have to go through a period of self-purgation and cast off our youthfully crude and dogmatic attempt at the idealistic construction of experience. Yet, after all, only by virtue of rationality Man is not still "alongside the ape and the tiger." It is by a sound intuition—Professor Baillie admits the appeal of intuition—that Barbusse in his recent plea for the Clarté group against the disorder of the world, invokes, above all, "la Raison," and that Professor Stewart Paton, in his presidential address to the American Eugenics Association, declares that the supreme open question of to-day is whether Man is really entitled to be called "Homo Sapiens," whether the events we are witnessing "mark the end or the beginning of the period of rational thought," the recognition that "intelligence must become a more dominant factor in the control of human behaviour." It is certainly true that intelligence is rooted in instinct—it is admitted even by McDougall—and that very fact should commend it to those who glorify the place of instinct, for it thereby partakes of the motor power which belongs to the instinctive life

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—is, as they say, “conative.” But it is more than that ; in Man it has developed on to a plane above its parity with other instincts ; reason is able, in McDougall’s words, to “direct pre-existing tendencies towards their appropriate objects.” To admit that is to admit everything. Reason becomes the chauffeur of the human car, and we hold the chauffeur responsible for the car’s “tendencies” ; we can, if need be, charge him with manslaughter or murder. Reason is unfitted, we are told, for its task. Maybe, but there is nothing to take its place. Moreover, with all its inefficiency, it has carried us far, and this progressive movement of humanity, even the existence of consciousness itself, has been (as Varendonck has of late ingeniously argued in a special field) a continuous process of the liberation of thought from helpless servitude to the feelings, far from complete as that liberation remains. Our modern psychologists often ostentatiously wash their hands of anatomy and pathology. But if we want to understand a thing we must look at it from all sides. Ever since Hughlings Jackson, it is agreed that the intellectual aptitudes go first in disease—they are the latest and highest products of evolution ; the instincts which are primitive and tougher subsist. Professor Berry has of late luminously shown in detail why this is. The surface of the brain is arranged in horizontal, superimposed layers ; the lower, or granular, layer, is shared by man with mammals generally, and is well developed

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even in imbeciles ; it was the original outer surface. But over it, in Man, there is now an upper, or super-granular, layer. This is the last to be evolved, the last to begin to develop, the last to mature—and the first to go. It is highly delicate and unstable, and it varies measurably in depth in different individuals who, while all normal, are not all of the same intellectual calibre. We realise how false is the notion that intellect is merely one among several primitive instincts, placed vertically side by side, and one of the least important because it has not the toughness of the others to withstand ill-treatment. The Philosophic Jester makes his ribald jokes at the expense of Reason's instability. But Reason is unstable because it so so delicate, so exquisite, the final divine flower of life towards which all Nature has been moving ever since the world began. If, on the philosophic plane, we choose to play the part of Disease, well, we shall be in the fashion of the day. Yet perhaps, after all, the Greeks were not entirely in the wrong, and some day—who knows ?—we may again become respectful of Reason.

VIII

THE ISLAMIC REFORMATION

This is a review, in the NATION of 24th December 1921, of THE NEW WORLD OF ISLAM, by Lothrop Stoddard, Ph.D.

SOME thirty-five years ago, Canon Isaac Taylor, a scholarly ecclesiastic of unusually vigorous and independent mind, startled and shocked not only the English Church but the public generally. He pointed out the increasing success of Moslem missionary effort, especially in Africa, and he stated, further, that this was not to be regretted, since Islam appealed to peoples not amenable to the often unsatisfactory methods of Christian missions, and were thus, at all events, lifted out of savagery on to a higher plane of civilisation. That controversy is forgotten to-day, but it might have been made the text for this instructive and timely book on *The New World of Islam*. Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, though he may never have heard of him, has in effect elaborated and enlarged and brought up to date what the militant Canon had so clearly seen and so courageously stated in 1887. His statement of the question, far more informed and far more thorough, will not produce the same disturbing effect in an already disturbed world grown accustomed to being startled and shocked.

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Yet there was never a time when we were in more need of the illumination which this book holds, nor indeed among all the subjects that concern us in the world is there any on which our preconceived notions so greatly need correction.

Dr. Stoddard is now well known as the author of the remarkable book on *The Rising Tide of Colour*, which has aroused world-wide attention. As was here pointed out at the time, in that book he sometimes showed a tendency to a rather sensational over-emphasis which might discount the value of his message for judicial readers. That tendency is completely absent from the present work; the author evidently feels that he has the ear of the world and that there is no need to beat the big drum. He is, moreover, much more cautious in his conclusions; he sees that we cannot assume that the forces moving in the world to-day will not be modified to-morrow, and he realises the great part which birth-control is likely to take in beneficently replacing the wars, plagues, pestilence, and famines which from of old have held the population of the East in check. He refers with high commendation to the able pioneer book on *The Population Problem of India*, by P. K. Wattal—a native official of the Indian Finance Department, well known already to those interested in the latest developments of Indian thought—as a sign that the East is beginning to awake to a realisation of fundamental questions; and he has himself (so it is lately reported from New York) become associ-

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ated with that young but vigorous American Birth-Control Movement which is already extending its influence as far as Japan, where it is needed so badly.

It would seem that Dr. Stoddard is not personally acquainted with any part of the vast Islamic world. That is a disadvantage, but it has its compensations. It has stimulated him to acquire a wide knowledge of the highly various literature of the subject, especially in its most recent aspects, and it has clearly aided him in attaining a broad, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole problem. At special points, indeed, some critics may question his judgments ; it is possible, for instance, that while he fully recognises the great work of Lord Cromer in Egypt, he is less than just to Lord Kitchener. But it is evident throughout, and perhaps even here, that he is without prejudice. He writes as the citizen of a country which has only the slightest direct concern with Islam (in the Philippines) and is thus easily able to take an impartial and not unfriendly attitude towards that great Moslem Dominion frequently termed the British Empire. So impartial is he, indeed, that as we read his pages we do not know whether to wonder more at the wisdom and insight of Englishmen or the imbecility and blindness of English governments, ostentatiously paving roads to Hell with good resolutions, or prettily camouflaging crooked policies with fair figures like (the later) Lord Milner, and Sir Percy

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Cox, and Colonel Lawrence. Such reflections are, however, those of the patriotic Englishman and not of Dr. Stoddard, who does not love British Government enough to stay to chastise it by the way.

The task that he has set himself is indeed of sufficient magnitude, as a glance at the map appended to this volume, showing the Islamic regions of the Old World green, is enough to indicate to the most ignorant reader. Islam unmixed still forms a great solid core, stretching right across the centre of the map from Morocco to Turkestan—nearly a third part of our Old World—while in a more mixed form it extends over more than the half of it. It is true that Moslem dominion no longer covers southern Europe, where it once reached towards Vienna, but on the other hand it is ever extending southwards, covering more and more of Africa. Moreover, in this great region are included peoples who, at one time or another, have shown qualities of the highest intelligence and valour in the van of civilisation. But these facts we commonly regard as of no practical and actual importance, merely of interest to the historian; we identify the Moslem almost exclusively with the Turk, and we repeat over and over again that he is effete and degenerate, a “sick man,” fading away—and the quicker the better—before our own immense superiority. It is rather a strange view to hold, for if the Moslem is such a poor creature one wonders what is to

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become of our British Empire, which so largely consists of Moslems ; but we are content to say these things, like parrots. Perhaps, after all, they are as plausible as the things the Moslems themselves said when they watched the decay of Christendom and saw the exhausted Greek Empire totter to its grave, not foreseeing that there would be a Reformation, which by its reactions would reinvigorate the whole of Christendom.

The significant and indeed immensely pregnant fact to-day is the Reformation of Islam. Dr. Stoddard briefly notes its likeness to the Protestant Reformation. But there is really a resemblance even in details, which serves to show afresh how much human nature there is in Man, however opposed the banners he fights under and however unlike the clothes he wears. The evolution of Christianity and that of Islam have, indeed, at an interval of some six centuries, run a remarkably parallel course. Islam may indeed be said to have reached an earlier flowering-time in the Saracenic period, for the genius of the Arabs was young and vigorous, receptive of classic traditions, and gifted with a grace of toleration which Christianity has only acquired, slowly and painfully, in recent times. But even after three centuries Islam already began to lose its pristine force, while, later on, the rise to predominance of the Turk introduced a hard, narrow, ferocious spirit into the centre of Islam. But the decay was long-drawn-out, with occasional bursts of splendour,

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and it was, indeed, not until the early eighteenth century that the latest of these, the Mogul Empire of India, at length faded away. In Islam generally the Dark Ages prevailed for at least as long a period as in Christendom, though it would appear that the course of Islam has been somewhat more rapid than that of Christianity, and, just as its first period began to end earlier, so its Reformation also began to appear earlier. As in Christendom, it took the form of small austere sects, corresponding to Lollards and Hussites, prompted to restore the purity of the primitive faith. Of these the Wahabis were among the earliest and the most influential. The founder, Abd-el-Wahab, appeared at the beginning of the eighteenth century—at the period, that is, when the Moslem world had sunk to its lowest depths of religious indifference, ignorance, superstition, and vice. He emerged from the old Arab centre in the desert, where something of the ancient purity still persisted, and on a pilgrimage to Medina his horror and indignation were aroused by the degradation of the Turkish apostates and usurpers, as he regarded them—just as Luther, on his pilgrimage to Rome, revolted at the spectacle of the degeneracy of the Papal Court. Wahabism speedily became a great force in the Islamic world. It was a movement strictly analogous to the Puritan movement of Protestantism, with the same devotion to the primitive faith, the same strict morality, even the same iconoclastic attitude towards art. Like Puritanism,

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also, Wahabism captured for a time a considerable degree of temporal power. That, by an energetic military effort, the Turks succeeded in crushing early in the nineteenth century; but as a spiritual influence Wahabism still lived on. It inspired the Bab movement of Persia; fairly well known in England, it was felt in India, and it prepared the way for that veiled but powerful Sennussi fraternity of North Africa which is to-day the spiritual heart of Islam. The check to Wahabi temporal power was not an unmixed evil from an Islamic point of view, for it enabled the discovery to be made that the ancient traditions were not so exclusively narrow and rigid as the Wahabis supposed; they were also enlightened and liberal. And it is these better traditions, more akin to those of the modern Western World, which, on the whole, prevail in the Islamic Reformation, powerfully stimulated in recent years by the war, and still more by the peace and the Secret Treaties and the Entente squabbles which have revealed so complete a disregard for pledged promises and Moslem susceptibilities.

It is with the exposition of the various aspects of this great Revival in various countries—India, Egypt, Persia, the former Ottoman Empire—that Dr. Stoddard is mainly concerned. The different movements involved are complex and sometimes apparently conflicting—religious, political, national, racial, international—some still aiming at the restoration of the primitive faith, and others

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proposing to incorporate more or less of the latest results of Occidental civilisation. This seeming discrepancy has led some to assume that the Islamic Reformation is too heterogeneous to prove effective. Dr. Stoddard gives good reason for believing that this cannot be taken for granted. Indeed, the manifold nature of the movement itself testifies to its vitality, and Christian Protestantism likewise exhibited a similar richness of conflicting tendency, at once religious and secular, sometimes returning on the beliefs of primitive days and sometimes stretching forward towards Rationalism.

It is well to indicate the points of resemblance between the course of Islam and that of Christianity, but we must also observe points of difference even more significant. Christianity and Islam are to-day the only great missionary religions of the world, but their methods are far apart. After its early triumphs on the decaying soil of the classic world there were very few peoples left who were naturally attracted to Christianity. The Sermon on the Mount, which embodies the essence of Christian morals, is a little alien to ordinary human practice, and the central doctrine of Christian theology, the Trinity, introduced into the Creed (if memory serves) by Gregory Thaumaturgus, is scarcely congenial to human intelligence, so that, as a Jesuit theologian has lately pointed out, it may be said to bear indelibly sealed on it the mark of its supernal origin, for the Divine Mind alone could

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have devised a doctrine so incomprehensively mysterious. In our own Northern Europe, as we know, conversion, or pseudo-conversion, to the new religion was, for the most part, effected in a scarcely religious manner. The genuine missionaries we frequently slaughtered. Christianity was most commended to us when it chanced to be associated with a higher civilisation or a stronger race, and for the rest those who were not baptized with the sword were baptized with the sceptre. The result has been that in our own corner of the world the real religion of Jesus has never existed. "There has only been one Christian and he died on the Cross": that famous saying of Nietzsche's is perhaps extreme. We ought to be willing to allow, hypothetically, that there may have been half a dozen Christians—people, that is to say, who, on the one hand, lived in accordance with the Sermon on the Mount and, on the other hand, were able to comprehend the metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity. Yet it is possible to doubt whether even a reader of the *Nation* has so much as heard of one of them.

When we turn to Islam, how different the picture! However secular may have been the early propaganda of Islam, that method has long been unnecessary. Islam as easily dispenses with missionary societies as it has always dispensed with regular priests. It is a religion that is viable by its own nature, and so is in no need of any adjuvant force. It is, certainly, a religion that

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allows of the extreme of austere asceticism and the heights of mystic exaltation; but on its ordinary levels it is a religion that can be lived. It is not a religion that one nominally subscribes to once or twice in a lifetime and so is done with it. That, indeed, is why we regard the Moslem with so much contempt. We are proud to know that we profess a religion so abstruse and so ideal that no one could reasonably be expected to understand it or to practise it. But the dogmas of Islam are few and simple, and its morality, while above that of the heathen world, is not so lofty as to be unpractical, commending itself easily to those who have not yet reached it. Prayer, ablutions, fasting, almsgiving, and pilgrimage—such are the religious observances; but Mohammed emphasises the fact that knowledge is of more value than prayer, that wisdom is better than fasting, and that all religious observances put together are fruitless without Common Sense. Now, the “heathen in his blindness,” whom good Bishop Heber taught us to despise, may be too blind to see the intelligibility of the Trinity or the practicability of the Sermon on the Mount, but he is not so blind that he cannot see the virtue of a religion of Common Sense. That is why Islam has spread or scattered itself over nearly the whole of Asia, whilst Christianity has remained almost unknown there. That is why still to-day Islam is spreading, even under the flags of Christian lands, so surely and quietly over Africa that in the

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opinion of some that Continent will soon become a totally Islamic region, save for its white fringe.

There is another significant point in which Islam differs from the dominant faith of the White race. Christianity has rarely been (what at the outset it promised to be) a democratic religion. In Islam the faithful are really, as they call themselves, brethren. That is the secret of the success of the Moslems in India, where they are not, as in Africa, so plainly the bearers of a higher ideal; they could scarcely have secured their seventy millions or more of adherents there if it had not been for the anti-democratic caste-system of the indigenous Hindu faith. Dr. Stoddard points out that "Nationalism" for the Moslem has not the same meaning as for us; it is of far more flexible application within the Islamic world: a Moslem can feel himself a "national" citizen of any Islamic country, and cherishes a fraternal feeling for all. We may listen to a rhetorical appeal for our Christian "brothers" among the Armenians or the Copts, but the appeal fails to stir us. The Moslem throbs with sympathy and indignation for his brethren afar, and his feelings lead to action. That is why General Gouraud is so powerful a propagandist not only for Bolshevism but for Islam; that is why the reckless insincerity of Britain's dealings in the Near East has stirred the Moplahs of far Malabar as they have never been stirred before.

We are still only at the threshold of Dr.

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Stoddard's book, which is full of instruction specially needed by British citizens. We have taken upon us the charge of the peoples of half the world, and the most troublesome half. The problems thus thrown upon us are so numerous, so difficult, and so complicated that if we all had a fair eight-hours' working-day to devote to them exclusively, we might still make mistakes. If we are so worried by rents, and taxes, and high prices, and the fear of unemployment, and the latest murder, that we cannot devote to these high matters all the time and thought they demand, but are content to delegate them to a Government which lives by playing the tricks long since exposed in La Fontaine's "Fables"—a political treatise of Bolshevist tendency which it would be in the interests of European Governments to suppress—then it would be better to find some other nation, with more time on its hands, to whom we might transfer this grave charge of ordering the affairs of the peoples of the world. It might even be better—though this may seem a far-fetched suggestion—to allow them to have a voice in their own affairs.

IX

THE PROBLEM OF CHILDLESS MARRIAGE

This paper was published in the American journal, PHYSICAL CULTURE, February 1922.

IT is well known that there is in modern times an increased tendency to sterility in marriage. Among primitive peoples, living a natural life, as yet unspoilt by contact with the so-called higher races, sterility is rare. So, also, it seems to have been in Europe until recent times. The ever-growing influence of "civilisation" and the increase in urbanisation (for sterility is more frequent in towns than in the country) have made the difference. It is true that even in civilised countries—in some of the remote "Celtic" parts of Great Britain, in Australia, and possibly in America—it is not so rare for couples to make sure of the absence of sterility by postponing the wedding ceremony until pregnancy has become manifest. To those couples who attach supreme importance to parenthood in marriage, that may possibly seem a wise precaution; though many think that it is running another risk to carry the "noviciate of marriage"¹ so far before the partners are safely

¹ I am referring to a chapter on "A Noviciate for Marriage" in *The New Horizon in Love and Life*, by Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

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under the lock and key of legal marriage. Yet, in spite of all, sterility is growing more frequent, and this, certainly, quite apart from the spread of birth-control, for that does not normally mean childlessness. Except under peculiarly bad economic conditions or on account of the defective health of one or other of the partners, those who exercise birth-control have not usually the slightest wish to be childless. So that the increase of birth-control will by no means account for the increase of sterility. That, indeed, is further indicated by the remarkable fact that it has sometimes been found that the total number of children produced in a series of families limited by birth-control has been scarcely less than that produced in a series of "unlimited" families. So that we have to recognise that the increase of sterility is a natural accompaniment of civilisation, compensated—indeed more than compensated—by the greater care of life which civilisation involves. Nature thus walks along the same lines as human birth-control, although that fact by no means makes birth-control unnecessary, for the action of Nature is blind and needs to be guided and corrected by the deliberate action of Man.

We are not here concerned, however, to discuss the causes of this increasing sterility, which indeed are many, some inborn, some acquired by the stress of life, some due to disease. We have to accept the fact, and to recognise that it is generally incurable. There do not seem to be important

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differences in different countries. All the authorities in various lands speak in much the same sense. The exact proportion of sterile marriages varies indeed widely in the estimation of different authorities. In England, Giles, a high authority, accepts the estimate of Simpson that the proportion of unfruitful marriages is from 10·9 per cent. in village communities to 16·3 per cent. in families of the aristocracy. All the authorities insist that this sterility is often due to the husband, a few finding it more often due to the wife; Barney of Boston finds that the responsibility is exactly divided between husbands and wives. In the female, however, sterility is more often due to natural causes, and in the male to one of numerous diseased conditions.

Now when a married couple, after three or four years of wedded life—for we must allow that interval for a possible pregnancy to occur—find, to their grievous disappointment, that the union is unfruitful, what is the best course for them to take? There are, at least, four different courses open to them. But before we consider them in turn, it may be well at the outset to refer briefly to the moral aspect of the problem—not that there is necessarily any infraction of even the most conventional moral code involved in its solution, but because it is definitely a moral question, and we ought to know on what moral ground we stand.

We stand, I take it, in the modern world, on ground that was largely prepared by Christianity,

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whatever our individual religious opinions may happen to be, and our morality is, in its essential principles, a continuation and expansion of that of Jesus. The principle we are here concerned with was stated in the narrative of a simple incident related in all three of the Synoptic Gospels, and most clearly in Mark's, which is, no doubt, the earliest. We are here told that as Jesus on a Sabbath was passing through a corn-field, his disciples, who were hungry, plucked and ate the ears of corn. Pharisees who saw them thus breaking the sanctity of the Sabbath were horrified, and called the attention of Jesus to what his disciples were doing. But Jesus justified his disciples, and settled the question by a remarkable saying: "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." Therein Jesus established our great modern principle, that social institutions, even the most useful of them and the most sacred, must be made flexible to the demands, not of caprice, but of real human needs. Now, for us to-day—as perhaps James Hinton was the first to emphasise—the social institution that most nearly corresponds in sacredness to the Hebrew Sabbath is marriage. We are therefore, to-day, called upon to hear the voice of Jesus saying to us: "Marriage was made for man and not man for the marriage." There are, we know, even to-day, good ecclesiastical Pharisees of many Churches—sometimes of the Freethinking and Rationalist faith, often as inflexible as any—who do not accept

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the principle laid down by Jesus. We can afford to disregard them. We are in the great tradition. Even six centuries before the birth of Christianity there were wise men who knew, as Lao-Tze knew, that living things, whether men or trees, are tender and flexible, that dead things are hard and rigid, and knew that this was a fundamental principle of life.

There is yet another preliminary consideration before we come to the solutions of the problem of the childless marriage, and that is, that in a large number of cases the problem need never have been created. It could have been avoided by taking very simple precautions, and even without waiting to ascertain that pregnancy has occurred before making the marriage legal. No doubt there are couples for whom the question of children is not one of capital importance; for these childlessness will never constitute a "problem." But those—and they are the majority—who consider that to have children is an essential part of marriage, are without excuse if before they put themselves under the binding contract of marriage, they have not taken medical advice to ascertain whether they are capable of having children. Such advice cannot always give complete certainty, and there are, moreover, couples who, though infertile with each other, are each fertile with some other partner. But it gives a reasonable probability. A woman who, without question, marries a man who in a previous marriage has proved childless, cannot be surprised if this second marriage should also prove

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childless. The majority of marriages in which childlessness may fairly be called a "problem" would be eliminated if this precaution were taken. They would not all be eliminated, and it is for those that remain that the following solutions may be put forward.

(1) *To accept the Situation.*—There are many for whom this solution is the best. Most people, certainly most women, feel at moments, or at some period in their lives, a desire for children. But there are many for whom this feeling never becomes a permanent obsession. They realise that there are also other things in life. They recognise that the world is not perishing for lack of children, but that, on the contrary, the population is increasing at a tremendously rapid rate. Perhaps they perceive that the work they have chosen in life is so absorbing, or of such a nature, that they would hardly be justified in undertaking the work of parenthood, which is in itself, if adequately performed, almost a profession. It may be that they have reason for thinking that they do not possess the special gifts needed for dealing with children, and perhaps they have grounds for thinking that their own hereditary constitution is so unsatisfactory, that to have children would be scarcely less than criminal. They may also be aware that, even if they possess the instincts of parenthood, these instincts may be in a large degree sublimated. The maternal instinct may be directed to social ends. Instead of being the physical mother of children who are unlikely to be of any notable

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benefit to the world and may possibly be a curse, a woman may expend the energies thus liberated in far-reaching activities which are of unquestionable and inestimable benefit to the world.

In this connection reference may be made to the problem of childlessness which exists for many women in Europe, owing to the deficiency of men from the fatality of the Great War. That problem is not, indeed, quite so extensive or so serious as some imagine. It is merely temporary; every year the boys who were too young to fight during the war are becoming men eligible for marriage, and it will not be long before the proportions of the sexes are again brought towards equality. But in so far as the problem still exists, the solution is mainly the same as this first solution for the problem of childless marriage. It is absurd to speak, as some insist in doing, of unmarried women as "superfluous women." If we come to that, one may point out (as I think it has already been pointed out by others) that there are far more truly superfluous women, childless or not, among the married than among the unmarried. The production of children is not so urgent a matter to-day as it was in those legendary days when Noah emerged from the door of the ark on to an empty world. In fact, the urgency is now the other way, and the next flood to overwhelm and ruin the earth is far more likely to be of babies than of waters. The only children the earth needs now are those who are worth something to it, and for

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the production of children who are really worth while there are wanted parents who are fitted both by their natural hereditary qualities and their special training for the noble task of creating the future race. But there are many other necessary and worthy tasks in the world, and the unmarried should not be at a loss to find them. The Great War brought to many women varied work of kinds they had never been allowed to touch before, and they were enabled to prove how well they could perform such work. To some extent they have been enabled to retain the work they thus captured. In this way they have become experienced women, with a knowledge of the world and economic independence. Women who are thus qualified for the duties of life, even though shut out, by circumstances or their own desire, from motherhood, are not necessarily deprived of intimate friends of the opposite sex. That is a matter which they are quite able, and quite entitled, to deal with themselves without consulting the world. It is only necessary to add that the fact that a large number of women, as well as a large number of men, may be excluded from marriage—more, strictly speaking, from parenthood, but marriage and parenthood are not yet so clearly distinguished as they ought to be—is by no means a matter for regret from the standpoint of society and the race. Not all men and not all women make fit partners in marriage, still less fit parents. It is highly desirable that there should be selection, absorbing

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those who are best fitted for these ends, and leaving others who are less fitted for these ends to pursue other ends for which they may be better fitted.

(2) *To seek Divorce.*—This is a legitimate solution of the problem for those couples who regard children as of the first importance in their union. But, even apart from the difficulty under most legal systems of obtaining divorce honestly on such grounds, such a solution is not to be regarded with enthusiasm. It is, indeed, quite possible to be in favour of the most complete facility of divorce and yet to be strongly opposed to the resort to that facility. That, at all events, is my own attitude. It often happens that the second marriage which follows a divorce proves even more unhappy than the first marriage; the man or woman who was inapt for one marriage was really inapt for all marriages. The law should, no doubt, make the entry to the married state more difficult than it is at present and the exit more easy, not seeking to join together those whom a deep inner lack of harmony has already put asunder. But for the individual to entertain the thought of divorce should be no such easy matter. It is at the best an abject confession of failure in the most vital of all personal matters, and even at the worst there must surely be bonds of union between the partners which it is hardly possible to treat as of no account simply because there do not happen to be children. Married people who wish to be divorced because they have no children, probably, if the full truth were known, wish

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to be divorced because they feel that they are incompatible. So that for them the problem of childlessness is really only a part of a larger problem.

(3) *To adopt a Child.*—This is the solution of childlessness which most readily presents itself, and with sound judgment it works admirably. The marriage is not broken, but perhaps even strengthened, and a real child is provided for whom the wife can be a mother in all but the physical sense. There is even an element of social service involved, for the reasonable prospect of a happy future is bestowed upon a child who might otherwise have been neglected and proved a burden to itself and to the community. To many women, even women with a full and intellectual life, the adopted child has proved an unspeakable blessing and a constant source of happiness. They may even come to speak and feel as though this child were in every sense their very own, and while there is a certain artificiality in such a tie, the satisfaction derived from it remains.

There are obvious precautions to be taken if child-adoption is to prove successful. Not only must the child be taken when quite young, but the transfer must be absolute and complete. The chief question in adopting a child must be of heredity. No doubt there are people who try to persuade themselves that the bringing up is everything, and that parentage and ancestry may be disregarded. They may learn to repent their mistake bitterly. Undoubtedly the bringing up

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counts for much, as is shown by the good records of orphanages (such as Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England) which adopt abandoned or neglected children. But it is not everything, and latent traits, for which not the child itself but its ancestors are responsible, may assert themselves even in the most happily favourable environment. A child should never be adopted until all the ascertainable facts of its history are carefully considered with the aid of some sagacious and experienced physician.

(4) *To have a Child by a Union outside Marriage.*—This is the most difficult of all the solutions of childless marriage, and could only be satisfactorily attempted under exceptional circumstances. It is difficult, partly because it requires the consent of three persons, each of whom may have to pass through a period of mental struggle before reaching a decision, and partly because all three persons will be acting in a way which, they cannot fail to be aware, a large portion of the social group they belong to would disapprove, should they ever come to know of it. The conditions for its satisfactory achievement so rarely come together that it is scarcely a profitable solution to discuss. One may admire the spirit and the trust of those who thus take the matter into their own hands, and unless we ourselves feel that we should have the courage and the devotion to do likewise, we are not entitled to offer anything else but our admiration. That is to say, that we are not entitled to recommend such a course beforehand ; those who

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propose to themselves such a solution must themselves measure the extent of the possible difficulties and their own strength to meet them. No one else can presume to do this for them.

It is true that there are two modifications of this solution, each of which reduces the number of persons actively concerned. One of these is for the wife to take the matter into her own hands without the knowledge of her husband. That is a possibility altogether to be rejected. The wife who thus proposes to leave the husband out of an arrangement which so intimately concerns him, has already estranged herself from him ; she is, as it were, living in adultery with her husband, and it would be better for the union to be brought to an end. The least she can do, if it is she rather than he who feels the need of a child, is to make him understand the position. If he refuses this solution, he may not be a great lover but he is within his rights ; if he comes to feel as she feels, then he will have shown a resolute spirit of trust and devotion which should bind him for ever to a noble-hearted wife ; only a mean-spirited wife could feel that such brave trust and devotion was that of a jelly-fish.

The other modification is that by which the wife is impregnated without intercourse by an absent man, whether a known man or an unknown man, medically selected. This solution has of late been enthusiastically advocated by Mrs. Marion Piddington of Sydney, Australia. The idea seems to have been due to a suggestion of Dr. Marie Stopes

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concerning "motherhood under properly protected conditions," and was intended primarily for the women left unmarried by the deficiency of men after the war, though Mrs. Piddington considers her idea one of permanent eugenic benefit to society. She would have State Institutes established where childless women would come to be impregnated from men whom they would not see but who would be carefully selected and registered and guaranteed to be of sound eugenic quality. Mrs. Piddington believes that "the child-hungry woman who insists on an enlightened procreation will be a tower of strength in the process of race-improvement." Whether any of these State Institutes have yet been established I have not heard. But they can scarcely be viewed with much enthusiasm. Apart from the fact that this kind of impregnation is often troublesome to secure and frequently a failure, it offers many obvious disadvantages and few attractions. Any difficulties set up on behalf of the proposed father, indeed, need not be taken very seriously. It costs a man so little to become a father that his claim to the possession of the child ensuing on his action—of whatever nature the action—is small. But for a woman, to whom the cost is so much greater, the matter is different. It certainly seems that a wholesomely natural woman would prefer to be indebted for her child to direct intercourse with a man she at least knows and esteems, and not to a syringe.

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We have thus, however briefly, surveyed the whole problem of childless marriage. As we have seen, it is a problem which need seldom arise, for we may reasonably expect of those who, as they legitimately may, attach supreme importance to children as the issue of marriage, that they should beforehand take the simple precaution of ascertaining that there is a fair probability that children may be expected. If they have not the knowledge, or the sense, to settle this point beforehand, they are scarcely equipped to enter on so risky and so serious a compact as that of matrimony, and we may be inclined to say of them as Mrs. Carlyle said to a girl who wrote to announce her approaching marriage, that they seem to be "in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space." But for those who, whether or not by their own ignorance and carelessness, find themselves faced by this problem, there are definite solutions which have all been found to possess some degree of value, and have sometimes proved completely adequate: which solution is most likely to prove the best under the particular circumstances, it must be left to those concerned to decide for themselves.

X

POPULATION AND EVOLUTION

This review of Professor Carr-Saunders's important work, THE POPULATION PROBLEM: A STUDY IN HUMAN EVOLUTION, appeared in the NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 10th June 1922.

WE have long been wearied by the opposing propagandists of the "population question": those who denounce the awful terrors of race suicide, and those who proclaim the saving virtues of birth-control. The question, we know, is vitally important, and we may be impelled to take our place on the one side or the other, yet one may be sometimes tempted to exclaim: "A plague o' both your houses!" One may long for the still small voice that neither strives nor cries. This seems to have been Mr. Carr-Saunders's experience, and as he is on the Executive Committee of the Eugenics Education Society, and often called upon to investigate propagandist literature, it is not surprising that on the present occasion he has enjoyed banishing it altogether. Dr. Saleeby and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Drysdale, with all the rest on either side, there is no admission for them at Mr. Carr-Saunders's door; they are not so much as permitted to enter the back-premises where the

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extensive Bibliography is stabled. The scheme of the book was elaborated during five years of active war service, and, one divines, whenever he came upon the writings of one of these propagandists, Mr. Carr-Saunders drew a notebook from his pocket and entered: "*N.B.*—Must be careful not to mention — in my great work." The result is refreshing.

Mr. Carr-Saunders has sought to rise above controversy to a height at which mere propaganda is impertinent. He is concerned with the main problems, in their large biological, anthropological and economic aspects; the minor problems, he perceives, can only be comprehended when seen in their evolutionary and historical setting. He desires to view the problem as a whole.

It is refreshing, and would have been more so if Mr. Carr-Saunders were a better writer. He writes, indeed, simply and quietly and honestly, but sometimes rather vaguely; like a character in one of Tchekov's plays, he has a way of ending a sentence "and so on," and is apt to be careless; he persistently writes the adjectival "œstrous" when he means "œstrus" and refers to a "Neomalthusian League" which has no existence. There is often a feeling of limpness; the sentences are not always well-jointed; sometimes the writer has not said what he intended to say. These defects are correlated with admirable qualities of calmness and sobriety: an instinctive repulsion for alarmist outbursts, a tendency to discount the

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importance of sensational and spectacular phenomena (like wars and famines) which appeal to the susceptible crowd. But we would sometimes like to feel the splendid presentative power of a Buckle or a Westermarck, able to propel a great stream of fact and argument in calm yet swift and orderly movements. *The Population Problem* will never become a classic, like *An Essay on Population*, although it is the most important book in this field since Malthus. Mr. Carr-Saunders depreciates Malthus. Yet the *Essay* was so well and lucidly written, the gracious and humane personality of its writer was so well transmuted into the texture of it, that, however much the theory may be modified, the book still lives. Those who read this book will find their profit therein. But one fears that not many will read who are not already interested. It will not attract as a certain little bronze of Rodin's or many a picture by Degas attracts, in spite of the repulsiveness or indifference of the subject, because it is so beautiful. Yet that is what it ought to do.

Mr. Carr-Saunders promised to lift us above the sphere of propaganda and the name of Malthus has already slipped in. It is because Malthus, notwithstanding the countless progeny of propagandists he engendered, was not one himself. But in his aversion to the noisy bands who, from the days of Godwin to the present, have so ardently attacked or defended that famous theory, Mr. Carr-Saunders has dealt rather too harshly with Malthus,

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although he acclaims the law of diminishing returns which arose out of the Malthusian controversy. He insists that the Malthusian theory has collapsed and that nobody who counts now holds it. He might have remembered that Cannan, the economist he follows, in attacking Malthus, though showing that Malthus attempted to find precision where no precision is, yet reached the conclusion that the theory of population is, after all, in substance a very obvious generalisation which scarcely admits of discussion, while the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the *vade mecum* for all who desire to pursue the narrow road of orthodoxy, lays down the same dogma in almost the same words. Even the most revolutionary among us find ourselves counted, after a few years have passed, as dealers in truisms, with a nimbus of respectability nailed over our heads, whether we wanted it or not.

It is Cannan whom Mr. Carr-Saunders follows in accepting the theory of the optimum or, as Cannan called it, "the point of maximum return." That is to say, that there is at any one time, in any given area, a certain density of population which will be the most desirable from the point of view of return per head of population. This assumes that the average income of the population—without considering the significant point of its distribution—is the sole test of desirability, and that an amount of population below this point of maximum production is undesirable. "So long

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as skill increases, other things being equal, so long will the desirable density increase." He fails to point out, as Marshall and other economists have done, that this beautiful mechanism for the increase of wealth brings no necessary benefit to those who have no share in that wealth. Any other view is "pessimistic." The barbaric notion of the virtue of size still persists; we have learnt from the Greeks to overcome it in the sphere of art, but megalomania still rules in demography. True, Mr. Carr-Saunders is careful to insert the conditional clause "other things being equal," but, he well knows, other things will not be equal; he himself insists that most diseases are comparatively modern, associated with increased density of population, and he recognises the importance of the law of diminishing returns. If we grant the large assumption that other things are equal, the optimum doctrine may furnish a convenient working hypothesis, and it is only fair to point out that in the end, after its work is done, Mr. Carr-Saunders is prepared to toss it aside. He suddenly turns round to remark that, so far, increasing numbers have been taken as a normal feature in human society, whereas, in fact, throughout history numbers have on the whole been stationary. "It may be," he pregnantly observes, "that we are nearing a time when numbers will be again normally stationary, for though increase may remain economically desirable, it may cease to be so from a wider point of view of human

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welfare, when, that is to say, facts other than income per head are taken into account."

There is, therefore, no occasion to criticise the optimum theory. It has served Mr. Carr-Saunders as a useful clue through his most instructive and helpful book, and that should be enough. He is not inclined to accept the view that over-population is *per se* a cause of the world's social evils. But that disinclination accentuates his conviction that nevertheless—in order that the optimum population, however we judge it, may be attained or maintained—it is supremely important to regulate numbers. After half a dozen introductory chapters, he discusses at length this question of quantity, as it has been dealt with in historical times by civilised and uncivilised peoples and, finally, nine chapters are devoted to the question of quality. In a review of *The History of Human Marriage*, it was here recently pointed out that Dr. Westermarck had strangely neglected to deal with the regulation of the family, with eugenics and birth-control. By a remarkable coincidence that omission has been immediately and adequately repaired by Mr. Carr-Saunders, and we need the less regret it since he works in a scarcely less scientific and scholarly spirit than Dr. Westermarck.

In his laudable desire to be thorough, Mr. Carr-Saunders begins the study of human methods of dealing with the population problem with the beginning of Man. As we have no direct knowledge of prehistoric times he assumes that we may regard

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existing hunting and fishing races as roughly corresponding to the peoples of Palæolithic times, and agricultural races as corresponding to the peoples of Neolithic times, though he would not himself over-estimate the validity of this assimilation. He proceeds methodically to present in detail the ascertainable facts concerning the peoples of lower culture throughout the world. So large and comprehensive a collection of the facts has never before been made, and even if this book was nothing more than a treasury of ethnographic information, it would still be extremely useful.

The ways in which the population is regulated among uncivilised peoples are, mainly, by pre-pubertal intercourse (this seems an unimportant factor), postponement of marriage, abstention from intercourse, prolonged lactation, birth-control in the modern sense (sometimes by merely superstitious methods), abortion, infanticide, ignorance, hardship, disease, war, famine. The size of the family is also taken into consideration, and the common opinion confirmed that the average number of children is smaller than in civilisation. A distinction is made between voluntary methods of restricting the population and those methods by which it is involuntarily brought about (here termed primary factors and incidental factors), but it is found that everywhere, before the introduction of outside influences, there have been active methods of limiting increase, the commonest being infanticide. Disease scarcely appears to be

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among the chief methods of keeping down over-population, for savages are proverbially healthy, until brought in contact with the diseases and the habits of civilisation; and since it would appear probable that a large proportion of the most dangerous diseases arose in historic times, it may be assumed that prehistoric man was equally healthy. It is ignorance and hardship that more frequently destroy children. The influences of war in keeping down primitive populations is over-estimated, though it varies in different continents. In America it is considerable, not in Africa; Africa, indeed, seems to be, when untouched by civilisation, the most humane of the continents, and infanticide also is rare there. An African battle is often not more dangerous than a game of football with us; a very slight casualty will suffice to end it. The savage seeks to make out that he is a terrible bloodthirsty person, but in practice he is no such thing; it is exactly the reverse of the policy of the civilised man, who ostentatiously proclaims that he is the meek follower of a Prince of Peace.

Some of the evidence is here brought forward which shows how often uncivilised peoples put life on a communistic basis; they generally live within definitely limited areas, but the territory, and everything upon it, belongs to the whole tribe; there must be space for every family to settle and cultivate its own patch according to its own needs. Every man is, in a sense, his brother's

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keeper, and it is inconceivable that anyone should be allowed to starve. It is obvious how such a system involves a constant concern for the restriction of the population. Prolonged abstention from intercourse, abortion, infanticide—in the absence of knowledge of any better methods to achieve the same end—so far from being inhuman or inhumane become the conditions under which a human and humane life can be lived. The exercise of these customs may be adjusted solely by natural selection without any conscious skill; but it is probable that a semi-conscious element tends to come in sooner or later. In any case the method is effective. Civilisation and Christianity arrive, with their sacred text, "Increase and multiply and the Devil take the hindmost," completely opposed to the fundamental principles of savagery. There is seldom, however, any struggle between the two conceptions. Mere contact with civilisation, and the evils it brings, is enough to kill off the uncivilised and so to make their restrictive methods only an old tale of the past. The exceptions are few. The Eskimos possess peculiarly limited means of subsistence, and some who read in these pages how in the past the Eskimos (a specially humane people) have had to restrict their numbers, may have read on the same day in their *Times* how severely the "surplus" Eskimos of Greenland now suffer. Few other peoples in contact with our civilisation suffer from a "surplus." That is why the natural conditions of life under

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which Man through untold ages has evolved are so little known, left for slow unravelment by patient ethnographers.

When we reach historical times, and the emergence of civilisations, the matter becomes more complicated. Mr. Carr-Saunders endeavours to carry on his analysis in the same manner, but his course becomes zigzag, and at times, perhaps inevitably, rather laboured and languid. But beneath the surface he still retains firm hold of the main thread, and from time to time points of profound interest are reached. It is made clear that throughout the historical stages, just as much as in earlier stages, influences holding in check Man's excessive fecundity are always at work, though not always the same influences. In earlier civilisations, notably that of Greece and Rome, abortion and infanticide played a conspicuous part ; later, diseases became more effective in the same direction ; migrations, to which many people still look hopefully, have never achieved much, and the part of war has been greatly over-estimated ; it has chiefly operated through the plagues and famines which follow in its wake ; even famine effects less than we commonly suppose, being checked by the growth of social co-operation and skill, and it is six centuries since the last famine in England.

It has been indicated that as Mr. Carr-Saunders approaches the end of his task, he shows that he is well able to take a wider outlook on human welfare

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than the economic. Although economic pressure alone, with only semi-conscious efforts, may suffice to adjust the maximum density of population desirable, it does not follow, he sees, that it would not be better to attain a completely conscious adjustment, and then we may have to take into consideration some other criterion than the purely economic.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Carr-Saunders is fully alive to the question of quality in population. Differences in quality are a matter of germinal variation, and while recognising the importance of such differences Mr. Carr-Saunders attaches less importance to them than is usual among eugenists. Like many other recent thinkers, he realises that human progress is mainly a progress, not in germinal structure, but in tradition, but he differs from many in realising the immense plastic force of tradition. Modern Man was evolved in the late Palæolithic period, some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago, let us say; before that time he was making tremendous strides both structurally and intellectually; he has made scarcely any since. But he has built up an immense body of tradition and is doing so still, with even greater activity. As Mr. Carr-Saunders sees it, this means that germinal changes, while not unimportant, have long been a minor factor in human history. He attaches much more importance to the action of the environment, stimulatory or inhibitive, upon tradition. It is so, and not by germinal improve-

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ments or decay, that he would chiefly explain the rise and fall of civilisations, as of Greece and Rome. It is so, also, that he refuses to attach much importance to "differential fertility," that is, the greater increase to-day among the lower social classes as compared with the upper social classes. Many eugenists have ostentatiously and energetically cried out against "differential fertility." It is characteristic of our author's quiet and dogged manner of procedure that he knocks these fellow-eugenists out of the way, almost as though he saw them not, without one word of sympathy for their delusional activities. It is likely, he remarks, that a fall in the birth-rate of necessity begins in "the so-called upper classes" (the present reviewer has frequently made the same remark); where else, indeed, could we expect it to begin? But while this matters a little, Mr. Carr-Saunders refuses to believe that it matters much; the germinal deficiencies of "the so-called lower classes" are far too slight. It is the defects of daily life among the poor, the narrowness and poverty of their environment, their inferior traditions, which suffice to explain the main part of the difference. Moreover, Mr. Carr-Saunders dares to question some of the qualities which lead to rise in the social ladder. The instincts of self-assertion, acquisition, and emulation which bring "success" may have been desirable in the far past; we cannot assert that they are desirable to-day; "we might view a diminution in average

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strength of some of the qualities which mark the successful at least with equanimity." There are many to-day who will cry : " Hear ! hear ! "

It will be seen that Mr. Carr-Saunders has written a book which—if disputable at points and not indeed put forward as a final statement of questions still under investigation—is indispensable to all who take any interest in the fundamental problems of human welfare. We are apt to be careful and troubled about many things in our social state to-day, and well we may be ; but behind them, and intermingled with them, there remains the one thing centrally needful for mankind : the regulation of human life itself. During the long past of the race this has been achieved by automatic or at most semi-conscious methods. Such methods are no longer tolerable ; it is being brought home to us that they cost too much. Now, for the first time in the long history of Man, it is possible to look the problem in the face, and for the first time we hold the possible solution in our hands ; " it has now come within the power of mankind, after a due consideration of the position, deliberately to decide what the best solution may be."

XI

THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS

This Note appeared in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for October 1922, being written at the editor's request in comment on an article by Mr. (now Sir) Norman Angell, who had argued that journalism must be raised to become a chartered profession, and that Labour must capture the Press, since it is useless to capture the Government, while leaving the forces that make and unmake governments in the hands of Capitalists.

I AM in general agreement with Mr. Norman Angell's indictment of the Contemporary Press—it is indeed constantly present in the minds of all independently thinking persons—though I may not be sanguine about the remedy. The item in the treatment which I have myself most often thought about with hope is the elevation of journalism to the status of a highly educated and highly trained profession, with a recognised code of honour, any fall from which involves degradation. That seems practicable, and certainly desirable, for journalism, when misdirected, is at least as potent for danger to our lamentably innocent public as law or medicine. As for the expansion of the Labour Press, one would gladly see it brought about, though since Labour still largely, like Capitalism, represents a class, we cannot expect that expansion to solve the whole problem, how-

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ever excellent it may be to exchange one set of prejudices for another set of prejudices. At present, certainly, the prospect is remote. It is the bright, attractive, illustrated papers of the Harmsworth type that Labour mostly reads, and the real Labour Press is still the Capitalist Press. It is the same at the cinema ; the People's Picture Palaces are all in the hands of the Capitalist, with the usual consequences.

One feels the wisdom that guides Mr. Norman Angell's discussion. He is wise enough to see that his sermon is more likely to satisfy the preacher than to convert those preached at. He is well aware that a nation which four years ago rushed to the polls in overwhelming millions to vote for Hanging the Kaiser and Making the German Pay (with ample leisure since to enjoy the results) probably has the Press it deserves. It is a change of heart that is needed, and hearts are not created anew by the million. "Wisdom," says Rickert, "is something that cannot be learnt and cannot be taught."

XII

KROPOTKIN

This paper was written as a contribution to a volume of tributes to the memory of Kropotkin, entitled PETER KROPOTKIN: THE REBEL, THINKER, AND HUMANITARIAN, compiled, edited, and privately printed by Joseph Ishill, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, U.S.A., 1923.

FROM time to time there appear upon the earth men who stand aside from the streams of common tradition and, in their thought or in their lives, or in both, refuse to recognise external authority or external rule, believing that human life can only be harmoniously and happily lived when its order is autonomous and comes from within. Of such men in recent years the most conspicuous and the most distinguished, after Tolstoy, was probably Peter Kropotkin.

He was himself far too modest to magnify his own place in this great succession, but he loved to recall the names of these splendid figures in the past who had thus rejected the authority of the herd. He went far back for the first—about as far back as he well could go—and invoked the name of Lao-tze, the first and greatest mystic. Then he came down to Aristippus and to the Cynics, to Zeno and those of the Stoics who advocated a free community and were in some respects

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remarkably near the libertarian thinkers of recent days. Later are to be noted some of the Hussites and some of the early Anabaptists. Kropotkin fails to mention Leonardo da Vinci, who, by his complete rejection of all authority but that of Nature and his unqualified contempt for the herd, was on the intellectual side the supreme representative of the type. But he could not fail to recognise Rabelais, who remains, even by his conception of the Abbey of Thelema alone, the most brilliant and far-reaching among early exponents of this philosophy. He mentions—no doubt to the surprise of some—the name of Fénelon, and he could not fail to admit the free and flaming genius of Diderot. Then there was Godwin, who first formulated this philosophy in a coherent modern political and economic shape, and later the gracious and charming figure of Guyau, whom Kropotkin always regarded as the founder of a new morality. Kropotkin himself takes his high place in this noble band, not so much by power or brilliance in any one direction, as by a fine combination of qualities, for he was at once an aristocrat and a martyr, a philosophic thinker and a revolutionist, eminent not only by his high accomplishments in science, but by his willingness to share the lot of the lowliest, and throughout all conspicuous by the nobility of his personal character. Through this possession of a beautifully many-sided nature he became not indeed one of the greatest of the long line of such men but one of the most typical.

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The men of this type are often called Anarchists, and it was so that Kropotkin called himself. Invented by Proudhon in 1840, and since so often employed, it is yet not a happy name. It suggests a disorganised rebellion against all government, and it is not surprising that to the vulgar mind "anarchist" often means "criminal," and still less surprising that the common criminal is often pleased to dub himself "anarchist." But the people called Anarchists, outside criminal circles, are not in favour of disorganisation nor of the rejection of government. What they seek to maintain is organisation from within rather than from without, and self-government rather than government by others. "Do what you will," was the inscription Rabelais set up over the Abbey of Thelema, but he proceeded at once to point out that people who are well born and well bred will to do that only which it is good to do.

In the wide sense Anarchists represent a stream of opinion which has never failed to exist. There have always been Statists, on the one hand, Kropotkin was accustomed to assert, and Anarchists on the other. The Statists rely on established and more or less rigid institutions maintained by a strong minority dominating the majority; Anarchists reject the State, together with Capitalism, oppression, and war, to which it inevitably leads. But there are, as we know, two groups of Anarchists, the Individualist Anarchists, and the Communist Anarchists who believe in the concerted organisa-

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tion of society, initiated by revolution. The supreme figures in history who are claimed as Anarchists may probably all be said to belong to the Individualist group. Obviously, however, along that line there is little chance of a speedy remoulding of society, therefore sanguine and optimistic spirits tend to be drawn towards Communist anarchism, which promises a splendid cure for the world's ills. It was in this direction that Kropotkin was drawn. He expected a revolution to occur about the end of the nineteenth century, to begin in one of the great countries of Europe, and to overspread the world. The society thus formed would, he said, be an organised interwoven network. He overlooked the fact that that is just what the much-denounced State is, and that after kicking the State out of the front door he would be letting it in at the back door. For the mob remains the mob, whether or not it labels itself "State," and an oppressed majority has ever proved even more dangerous than an oppressing minority. Kropotkin's psychology was a little too simple. He asserted that some human beings are "venomous beasts," and must be destroyed by other human beings whom he regarded as pure-souled altruists. But he scarcely seems to have realised that the majority of human beings are neither the one nor the other, but have in them both a streak of the "venomous beast" and another of the pure-souled altruist. The great revolution that Kropotkin foresaw duly arrived,

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although a few years later than he expected. It is a revolution of which the exact character and the far-reverberating influences, which can scarcely fail to be immense, we may not yet attempt to estimate. Kropotkin hastened to Russia to take part in it, and there, in the heart of Russia, in the midst of the Revolution he had spent his life in preparing, but in which he now felt an alien and which showed itself completely indifferent to him, he at length died.

We must not, therefore, count Kropotkin a failure. On the contrary, he was an immense success. It is true that the pure-hearted enthusiasts of this noble type are apt to overestimate the power of their faith to remove mountains; they do not always recognise, as Diderot, one of the greatest of them, had the genius to see and to acknowledge, that their creed is "*diablement idéal*." It matters little. They have let the light of their inspiration and their courage so shine before men that it can never be extinguished, but remains an ever-burning flame, to keep alive in each one of us some spark of that higher life by which Mankind alone truly lives.

XIII

PHILOSOPHERS ON SHOW

This review of DIE PHILOSOPHIE DER GEGENWART IN SELBSTDARSTELLUNGEN, edited by Dr. Raymund Schmidt, and CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PHILOSOPHY, edited by Professor J. A. Muirhead, appeared in the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER for 23rd February 1924.

PHILOSOPHY may be defined as the adventure of the soul in the universe. It thus differs from science, which is the analysis of the material of the universe. The philosopher must not pause to put the dust under his feet beneath the microscope and ascertain what his road is made of. Some attempts are now being made to make philosophy scientific ; it thereby ceases to be philosophy. The philosopher's eyes are fixed on a heaven ahead. Unlike Saul, the son of Kish, who set out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, he sets forth to find a kingdom. If, in the end, he finds nothing but objects which suspiciously resemble those the son of Kish went out to seek, that really matters little. It is the quest that matters. In the discipline and the joy of a great adventure the philosopher's true reward lies. What he brings home may seem to the public in general—and his fellow-philosophers in particular—only an empty or questionable formula.

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To the philosopher himself it must always be more than that. It is the symbols of his spiritual adventure. The aspirations, the struggles, the failures, the sudden ecstasies at a new turn in the road—all the things that have depressed and exalted his life are here recalled. It need not surprise us that he should seem to see the Son of Man Himself riding on the humble beast he has found in the wilderness.

That is why there are two aspects in which a philosopher's activity may be viewed. There is the final product he offers as "truth," a constant subject of dispute because it never seems truth to anyone else, to anyone at least who thinks for himself, and there is the record of a great adventure. That story is rarely told, but it is always of permanent delight and value. Rousseau has proved the most influential philosopher, in the wide sense, of our modern world, but he only wrote one immortal book, and that an autobiography. Mill's *Autobiography*—one of the few records of the kind in English—will be read long after his *Logic* is forgotten, for its philosophic value is independent of the value of its author's thought.

Some such considerations as these have induced Dr. Raymund Schmidt (who has been associated in the work of one of the greatest of living German philosophers, Hans Vaihinger), with the help of an enthusiastic and sympathetic publisher, to secure the autobiographical life-confessions of nearly thirty of the most prominent German

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philosophers of to-day together with a few non-Germans (notably Croce), academic and anti-academic, of various schools of thought. Some of the narratives extend to over fifty pages ; they fill, so far, four volumes, and include admirably produced portraits of each writer. The narratives, being personal, differ widely, but they are all strictly biographical, setting forth, dispassionately, the points of departure, the aims sought, the struggles and difficulties and mistakes on the road. The writers often reveal the embarrassment of confession, but they realise that their task is of more than personal interest, and they show their modesty by not proclaiming their achievements. They seem to remember that it was a great German who said that it was not " Truth " that matters, but the search for truth, and they remember also, for several of them repeat it, the saying of another great German that " the kind of philosophy a man chooses depends on the kind of man he is." That is the spirit that moves all through these fascinating and instructive volumes.

Professor Muirhead has lately been stirred by Dr. Schmidt's example to attempt the same service for British philosophy. But the reader who turns to this volume in the hope of receiving a similar illuminating vision will be disappointed. Even the editor's Preface he will find incoherent. Dr. Muirhead begins well, by declaring that philosophy is the outcome of a man, but goes on lamely to say that he will here merely present statements of

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philosophers' opinions and that any biographical elements are secondary and gratuitous. No wonder his contributors are at sea. Biographical data are scarce or absent, usually placed apart in small type, though there is no consistency even about that. These biographical data are the most valuable part of the volume and would furnish forth a twopenny pamphlet well worth the money ; the rest of the volume largely consists of what the writers have already said, as well or better, in their own works. Portraits, precious and indeed essential in such a scheme, there are none. Most of the writers declare with dignified modesty that they would not dream of talking about themselves. So they do what is less modest and less dignified : they cry aloud the infallibility of their speculative nostrums. Each believes he has been given a tub to mount, and he tries to outshout his fellow tub-thumpers in the brief space allotted to him. Indeed, the scene staged by Dr. Muirhead resembles nothing so much as the Marble Arch on Sunday afternoon. It all seems very discouraging.

But if the too hasty reader will consent to pick up the volume he has flung away, he may still find something of interest. There is one narrative, at all events, which, though written with a failing hand, conforms to the scheme which should have been clearly set up ; it happens to be by the eldest writer, now no more—Bernard Bosanquet. The youngest contributor, Mr. Broad, is equally to the point for half a dozen pages, when he sud-

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denly snuffs himself out and turns to abstract discussion ; but he knows how to write, and we must hope he will some day more fully set forth his spiritual adventures. Dean Inge is ever pungent or poignant, stimulating, if not always convincing. Mr. Bertrand Russell, though not so autobiographical as we might wish, cannot fail to be attractively personal and undogmatic. Other contributors to this volume might be named, if space permitted, for one reason or another.

Yet the final impression still remains that Professor Muirhead has not risen to the height of his great theme : the Casanovas of the spirit, the Don Juans of the universe, the record, as Dean Inge prefers to phrase it, of the quest of the Holy Grail. If he wishes to equal his skilful German rival he must realise, before he issues his Second Series, that an editor is an autocrat, and he must hold the reins firmly, making it very clear that what he offers is a confession-box, not a tub, and if thereby he thins the ranks of British philosophers that will be all to the good, for here they are overcrowded. Meanwhile, perhaps, someone may be happily inspired to dump on English soil a selection of the admirable narratives which, under Dr. Schmidt's editorship, have been made in Germany.

XIV

A NOTE ON CONRAD

This note was my contribution to the CONTACT COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS, published in 1925. My impression of Conrad is confirmed by a remark which Mr. Mégroz has recently reported that Conrad once said to him : THE MIRROR OF THE SEA was the book of his own he liked best of all, and ALMAYER'S FOLLY, the only one he wrote "light-heartedly."

IT was, I know, the common experience of others when they met Conrad, but one must always realise things for oneself, so that it came to me with a shock of surprise that a man who had been for so many years exclusively an artist had yet remained so typical a sailor. Far more than his portraits had suggested, here was the English sea-captain, with the open face and the genial approach and the rolling gait—not the correct and distinguished-looking commander of the big liner of to-day, rather the burly and jovial sailor whom I vaguely recalled from childish days in remote parts of the world. But over this characteristic English figure there was a definitely foreign complexion, and—doubly incongruous in this English sailor and this great master of English speech—a pronounced foreign accent. The first remark he made completed at once the surprising revelation of a personality I had somehow con-

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ceived so differently. "I recognised you in the distance," he said, "from the bust in Jo Davidson's studio." That the vision of a sculptor's bust of a stranger (not the work, moreover, of an artist who would desire to be complimented on a superficially "good likeness"), casually seen years before, could have left so vivid a mark on memory, seemed to me extraordinary, and seems so still. What happened later than the first moment of this meeting with Conrad I scarcely now recall, and it could add little to the impression of that moment.

When one meets a man to whose spirit one has come near in his work, either of two things may happen. There may be obscuration; something we find unexpectedly opaque or distorting in the veil of flesh which renders the vision of spirit less directly clear than it was before. There may, on the other hand—and this even with an equal degree of unexpectedness—be illumination; we may see in the flesh, not the darkening veil but the enlightening explanation of what we had learnt to know in the spirit. My vision of Conrad was rather of the latter kind, not in the sense that, even though unexpected, it was really new, but in the sense that it confirmed my own intuition of the essential and radical qualities of a great writer who wrote too much, and often in fields for which his genius had not fitted him.

Whenever an artist dies who has attained, during his lifetime, even slowly, the undiscerning praise of the crowd, his fame goes out into the desert for

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many years. The artist must pay for the applause of fools, often pay heavily. (So that there is nothing the true artist should pray for more devoutly than to be saved from such fame.) We may see that at the present day both in England and France. Half a century ago Tennyson was worshipped by the crowd, and worshipped for quite the wrong things, for what was merely transient and feeble in his work ; there was the inevitable reaction, and still even to-day he encounters a routine of supercilious neglect. Swinburne was more generally admired for the right things. But he, too, must pay for the enthusiasm of the crowd, and to a later crowd seems unreadable. In France it is just the same. Anatole France in his lifetime received the homage of the whole world as the supreme representative of the French spirit, and so became nationally recognised as its almost official representative. The result has been that a later generation is not even sufficiently interested to discuss him. The recognition of the rather commonplace and limited character of the substance of his picture of the world has concealed from the immediately following generation the high distinction which belongs to him who can stamp "*l'esprit de tout le monde*" with the seal of fine art. Or, to turn to another art, there is the example of Rodin. Before his work in his lifetime the mob grovelled in undiscerning reverence. They failed to see that along the road on which Rodin had set out, sculpture could not pass, and

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that the "Gate of Hell" which was to be his life-work was from the outset doomed to impossibility. So a later generation is pleased to view Rodin slightly, as negligible. They, in their turn, have failed to see that here a mighty genius was breaking up the dead and rigid conventions of the past and feeling out for the new forms into which the living spirit of sculpture might pass. He was rendering it possible for the men who immediately followed, like Bourdelle and Maillol and Despiau, to form new vital conventions, and the fact that he himself had been pushing his art beyond its legitimate functions need not diminish our gratitude for the great new inspirations he brought. Similarly it has become fashionable to look back with amusement at the Cubists, who once absorbed so much attention, and to fail to realise that the phase they represented, however passing, was yet the phase of a task that had become necessary to deepen a stream of painting run too shallow.

It need not, therefore, be surprising if we seem to see the fame of Conrad following, with his death, a similar course. He had written a few short books at the impulse of genius, out of inner compulsion. And then he became a professional author and his genius degenerated into talent, a quite superior sort of talent, and he wrote many books, long books, for the many to read, not from inner but from outer compulsion. I am sure that he was himself vaguely, perhaps acutely, aware of the difference. There was also, I think, a real

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significance in his blind detestation of Dostoevski, not to be accounted for by simply saying that Dostoevski was a Russian. When Conrad abandoned his own proper field he became a Slav, and of a sort that had to compete in art with Dostoevski; that is very clearly seen in *Under Western Eyes*. But in this field it was talent trying to compete with genius, and—whatever differences of temperament and ideal there were—the obscure realisation of that competition alone explained Conrad's unreasoning hatred. He said once that if he had not written in English he could not have written at all. By a perhaps unique twist of Nature, genius came to him in his acquired English rather than in his inborn Slav quality. It thus happened that I found the vision of the man confirming and assuring the intuition born of the spectacle of his work. The quality of English sailor, doubled by a marvellous aptitude for experiencing and registering visual impressions, bestowed on Conrad the power to transform into art the life of the seaman as it has never been done before, as it can scarcely be done again. That amply suffices to confer immortality on his best work, whatever may happen to the rest.

XV

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

This review of McDougall's OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY was contributed to the FORUM of February 1926. I am sorry to have to add that both Professor McDougall and Professor Freud were not altogether pleased with the way I had discussed them, and both wrote to me in friendly protest.

At the present day it may fairly be said that there is no science so fascinating, alike to the student and the man in the street, as psychology. "A science," Professor McDougall is to-day able to say of psychology, "which is destined to be recognised as fundamental to all the human sciences." It has taken a long time to reach that enviable position. Man began scientific study as far as possible from himself. He seems to have taken himself for granted, and he started his science, in the infancy of the world, at the stars. It was obviously an elevating way to begin science, as well as practically useful. Since then, during thousands of years, man has been slowly bringing the world into the sphere of science, and in so doing slowly drawing near to himself. But the tradition of the early age still remained. In approaching the study of minds it has been Man's tendency to regard them in the abstract, much as though they were stars. Even a century ago it may be said

that psychology was almost, or quite, a metaphysical study—that is to say, a study more remote from exact science than astronomy.

Only within the last fifty years has the advance of science, in any genuine sense of the word, at last reached the human mind. Anthropology, the study of external man in an exact manner, began at the end of the eighteenth century; psychology, the study of internal man, cannot be dated so precisely, but it was only after the middle of the nineteenth century had been passed that its data and its problems began to be presented in any clear and unprejudiced fashion. Even then the man of science was sometimes shocked at his own daring in laying cool hands on so intimate and sacred a subject (“besides which, it is rude,” the public growled), nor can it be said that yet we have come nearer than to a presentation of the matter. There is still room for a diversity of conclusions, and there is no general agreement to be found even when we turn to those students of this vast and obscure region most qualified to conclude.

Among those students there is none to-day better qualified to pronounce an opinion, and perhaps none whose opinions are more influential, than Professor William McDougall, formerly of Cambridge and Oxford Universities and now of Harvard. We are not called upon to accept his conclusions as the final utterance of truth in these matters, and he is careful to tell us that he does not himself so put them forward. In the *Outline*

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of Psychology—of which the new volume he now presents, he remarks, should be regarded as Part II—he states that, however dogmatically he may write, “I know that my conclusions are only working hypotheses, which may be far more wrong than right.” That is fortunate, for even one who admires the breadth and sanity of Dr. McDougall’s outlook, and sympathises with the general drift of his main conclusions, must be allowed to criticise the occasional looseness of statement at some places in his copious writings and to differ from him decisively in many points of detail. But, however critical one is disposed to be, it is necessary to recognise here an investigator who represents whatever is best and most open-minded in academic psychology, and one rarely qualified to reach a sound judgment on the problems of the mind viewed in the widest sense. Beginning with a training in medicine, which is really indispensable for a real grasp of the problems of abnormal psychology, and early distinguishing himself in the field of physiological psychology,—which is almost of equal value in approaching other aspects,—actively exercised in the study of the peculiar psychic phenomena presented by the mental victims of the Great War and throughout deliberately desiring to occupy above all, the standpoint of the student of human nature and to cherish a faith in “common sense”—there could be no better preparation. Nearly twenty years ago Dr. McDougall, in his *Introduction to Social Psychology*, put forward an almost revolu-

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tionary little book which, in its insistence on the fundamental place of the instincts in psychology, has had a far-reaching influence. The opinion may perhaps be hazarded that, of all the books he has published since, none is of greater value than the latest, *Outline of Abnormal Psychology*.

Its value is not, like that of the earlier book, in its originality. Indeed, Professor McDougall here almost ostentatiously disclaims originality. His object, he says, is to bring together in an eclectic way what seems to him soundest in the teaching of various schools, and especially in the teaching of Freud who, he boldly declares, "has done more for the advancement of psychology than any student since Aristotle." He desires, above all, to be a mediator between Freud and a still largely hostile world.

This is an aim with which the present writer (though not associated with academic psychology) can sympathise, because it is an aim of his own, towards which, in a more humble fashion, he has long been working. Indeed, I might perhaps say that it is an aim which has been mine ever since the publication of Freud's first book with Breuer, ten years before Professor McDougall began to interest himself in psycho-analysis; and the summary of the conclusions of that first book in the second volume of my *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* may possibly have been the first sympathetic account of Freud's doctrines—then far from their later development—which appeared in English.

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It led to a friendly relationship with Freud by letter, which has continued ever since. He has never regarded me as a disciple, and I have always exercised towards him a critical discrimination which would be out of place in the adherents of a sect. For it has been the unfortunate fact that at an early period Freud became the head of a sect, on the model of those religious sects to which the Jewish mind has a ready tendency to lend itself, as the whole Christian world exists to bear evidence. It is, doubtless, a noble and precious aptitude which we are not called upon to question. But it fails to lend itself to scientific ends. The results in the Freudian school were painful to all concerned and unedifying to the world. An intimate narrative of some of the associated episodes has lately been written by Dr. Stekel with all his profuse and complacent candour, and it is a distressing narrative. Almost from the first all those adherents of Freud who, following the example of the master, displayed original vigour and personal initiative in development were, one by one, compelled to leave the sect, when they were not actually kicked out. Those that to-day in Austria and Germany remain faithful and humble followers of Freud are likely to continue so, for—since the lamented death of Karl Abraham whose rare abilities marked him clearly out as the personal successor to Freud in the leadership of a school—they will never be pioneers; the chief of them, indeed, have not even had a medica

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training, and would be unfitted to strike out any paths for themselves; they are just admirable and enthusiastic workers, who may be trusted to follow strictly Freudian lines, and sometimes perhaps reduce them to absurdity. For no man has ever had more reason than Freud to pray to be delivered from his friends. No man was ever less fitted to be the head of a sect. He is far too genuine a man of science, far too much an artist—like all the greatest men of science—to be pegged down in a chapel and tied to a creed. He is in perpetual vital movement. His standpoint to-day is not where it was yesterday, and to-morrow it will not be where it is to-day. He has always been rather indifferent to what previous workers have found, and thereby perhaps an undue degree of originality has sometimes been attached to his discoveries; but he might well say, with Hobbes: “If I had read as much as other people I should know as little as other people.” It is by his freedom from tradition, and his indifference to it—however, in some aspects, that may be a disadvantage—that he has acquired his pioneering freshness of vision, that childlike quality by which alone the Kingdom of Science, like the Kingdom of Heaven, may be entered. It is by that freedom that he is perpetually enabled to move on from point to point, without ever lingering on the lower height once it is conquered. The Freudians, we may be sure, will soon pass away. But Freud will not pass away. Like the hero of Ibsen’s

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Enemy of the People, he testifies to the great truth that the strong man is the man who stands alone. And when Dr. McDougall declares that the figure of Freud joins hands across the ages with Aristotle, that is not altogether to be dismissed as a rhetorical gesture. One who has studied Freud's work, in an often critical spirit, during thirty years, may be allowed to agree that it is not easy to overrate the importance of Freud. And that importance will remain even if all the doctrines specially associated with Freud's name should pass away or become—as indeed they constantly are becoming even in his own hands—transformed into other shapes.

The value and significance of this very substantial *Outline* (there are nearly 600 pages of it) is that a distinguished and influential professor of psychology (although he disclaims any merely academic attitude) here makes the most imposing effort which has yet been made to do what others of us have been seeking to do on a smaller scale: to introduce the work of Freud, in shapes that may be acceptable, into the current of the world's psychological thought. Even the most devoted Freudian, in his most ecstatic moments, can scarcely have supposed that the world's psychology could ever be accommodated in the Freudian chapel. The movement must be in the opposite direction. It is the world's psychology which must take in Freud. Here we see the most vigorous and hopeful effort yet made to introduce

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the conceptions of Freud into the vital movement of the world's thought.

As he himself seems to recognise, Dr. McDougall is helped to perform the important function he here undertakes, not only by his training but by certain coincidences of attitude and disposition. He shares Freud's view of the fundamental dynamic function of the instincts, and, like Freud, one may add, his natural tendency is to disregard what other workers have done. We see that, indeed, in the delay which took place in his recognition of Freud's existence, and even yet, notwithstanding the attention he claims to have given to psycho-analytic literature, one notes certain extraordinary omissions, so that there is, for instance, only one passing reference to the castration-complex which Freudians rate so highly. And we see it again in his meek acceptance of the assumption that before 1900 dreaming was regarded as merely "a chaotic rumbling of the brain-cells, of no interest to science." A ludicrous notion, when we recall all the attempts to study dreaming, both from the point of view of science and of psychological medicine, before that time! That Freud has put them into the shade we may all admit. But on one point Dr. McDougall owns to a disqualification to which he perhaps attaches undue importance. He regrets that (except as regard his dreams) he has never been psycho-analysed. But Freud himself is in the like case. The objection, therefore, can hardly be fatal. It may also be remarked that the

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instructive results of analysis are usually but small for persons of a critical and introspective temperament—as we may assume psychologists to be—and such persons are apt to prove rebellious to analysis.

It must not be supposed that this book of Dr. McDougall's is all concerned with Freud and the Freudians. It discusses the attitude of other psycho-analysts—especially and sympathetically Jung—and it extends still further to all the great divisions of abnormal psychology, to the questions of psychological types, to the chief forms of insanity, to double personality, thereby bringing in Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. Healy, and other eminent psychological analysts. But it is Freud who chiefly dominates the book, and it is clear that Dr. McDougall intends that it should be so.

To go over the whole field here presented to us, whether with a view to exposition or to criticism, would be out of place, even if space permitted. It must suffice to say that every reader who is at all interested in the fascinating problems involved will find it an absorbing task to follow this discussion, whether or not he always agrees with Dr. McDougall's conclusions. The present writer, I may add, is much more often than not disposed to agree.

To certain tendencies of Dr. McDougall's mind it is, indeed, possible to be rebellious. He still seems to have a prejudice against the intellect. But the intellect is merely the elaborate mani-

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festation of the instinct to reason, which in its simple forms is one of the most fundamental of the instincts, and one of the most important, for the time has surely now gone by when prejudiced observation refused to see reason in the actions of animals—an elementary reason, it may be, yet how elementary the action of reason often is even in human beings ! And he still has a little phobia with regard to the use of the word “ mechanism ” ; he prefers “ process.” But, as the dictionary shows, “ mechanism ” merely means “ an arrangement to apply power to a useful purpose,” and process “ a series of motions.” Both words are harmless. Freud, whose standpoint as regards impulses Dr. McDougall tells us is his own, often talks of the mental apparatus ; in speaking, for instance, of such a process as sublimation, the mechanical analogy can hardly be avoided, for it lies in the word itself ; and provided we remember—as we can scarcely fail to when we are concerned with the psychic organism—that we are using an “ as if,” this verbal phobia seems useless.

But there is no need to dwell on small points for possible criticism. It is enough here to welcome the courage and skill which Professor McDougall has displayed in this notable book. He has opened the doors of academic psychology just wide enough to admit some of the most fruitful conceptions of our time.

XVI

ROMAIN ROLLAND

The late Léon Bazalgette brought together in L'EUROPE, the magazine he was then editing, a number of international tributes to Romain Rolland, and invited me to take part as a representative of England. Hence this note in L'EUROPE for 15th February 1926.

“**W**HAT are you fighting for?” someone asked a Parisian workman at the barricades in 1848. “Pour la solidarité humaine, monsieur!” It is the glory of France that she has always been able to produce men who were able to fight, and even to die, for “la solidarité humaine.” That is the France that is a radiant figure among the nations, the France which the English poet acclaimed as “this poet among the nations.”

There is another France. France is not only the land to which we owe the conception of the League of Nations and the Federation of Europe. Every country has a double aspect, and represents the union—often the conflict—of opposites. France is, for the rest of the world, not only the representative of human solidarity, but also of devastating militarism. It is true that there are always those to be found who are prepared with infinite ingenuity to explain away French militarism, and would have the world believe that the wolf's skin covers a

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lamb. There are, however, Frenchmen themselves who proclaim, even to-day, their own narrow nationalism, their religious fanaticism, their intolerant inability to comprehend the temperament of other nations or even of their own fellow-countrymen. It may seem at times that France is dominated by this element in her temperament. When we approach Germany it is Goethe, with his truly international outlook, whom we see before Bismarck, and even in England Shakespeare is more than the rival of Nelson, but in France there is none to rank with Napoleon. If that is so, we owe all the greater honour to those Frenchmen who dare to champion, beyond nationalism, the greater claims of human solidarity.

Romain Rolland has in recent years stood before the world as such a champion, and the representative of the most glorious aspect of France. This fragile and sensitive figure, with a strength greater than that of steel, has upheld the cause of human solidarity amid the spiteful calumnies of his own people and often the indifference of the world, which had formerly recognised with enthusiasm his delicate and sympathetic qualities as an artist. It is as the champion of human solidarity that we honour him. It is admirable to be a good Frenchman, and it is admirable to be a good German, but France and Germany are so held together by the everlasting bonds of proximity, and even of blood, that the very name of France is German, and he who is only a good Frenchman or a good

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German remains incomplete. It is only by being a good European that either Frenchman or German can attain to complete human development. It is towards that aim that Romain Rolland's action has ever been directed.

XVII

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH ROMANCES

This review of the first five volumes of the series of EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH ROMANCES, in English translation, edited by Mr. Vyvyan Holland, appeared in the BIBLIOPHILE'S ALMANACK for 1927.

THE coming of the twentieth century was marked by a revived interest in the eighteenth, and that interest has been heightened and generalised by the influences springing from the Great War. To some of us of an older generation, who had already learnt in the nineteenth century to appreciate the qualities of the eighteenth, this awakening of the younger generation cannot fail to be welcome. It is to-day pleasant to find that even the publishing world is recognising the new orientation of taste.

Among the signs of such recognition the series of *Eighteenth-Century French Romances*, as it is called by Messrs. Chapman & Hall who publish it, edited by Mr. Vyvyan Holland, and printed at the Curwen Press, occupies, as we should expect from the names of its producers, a notable and attractive place. Certainly we may be allowed to feel surprise at the choice of a title for the Series.

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Romances ! If there is any statement we may make about the eighteenth century without fear of serious contradiction, it is that that century usually restrained the common human impulse to romance, and if there is any fact about it that is fairly clear, it is that it is anti-romantic. No doubt in so exuberantly rich a century there were exceptions, and splendid exceptions ; it is enough to remember that Rousseau produced the supreme romance which was to dominate and guide the romantic literature of the generation that followed. In general, even the fantastic fiction of the eighteenth century was not romantic but of the Eastern magical type which its own pioneering activity, through Galland, discovered and often blended with the fairy-tale form which France had introduced through Perrault in the previous century, but both used not for romantic ends but as a deliberately transparent veil for realism. The typical fiction of the century was realistic, whether robust and virile in England as it culminated in Fielding, or delicate and in the finest sense feminine in France as it was initiated by Marivaux, to reach its climax with increased vitality at the end in Laclos and in Stendhal, the last belated representative of the eighteenth century, neglected by Hugolatrous France, though from the first appreciated in some at least of his aspects by more conservative England. All the books of this series are in the true spirit of the eighteenth century, but scarcely one of them can properly be called a

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romance, while the name is obviously and flagrantly unfitted for *Le Neveu de Rameau*, the brilliant fantasia of a many-sided philosopher.

When we have overcome the shock of the general title and proceed to examine the shape in which the volumes themselves are produced, there seems little occasion for anything but satisfaction. The series is addressed to the lover of books rather than to the general reader, but by their form and light weight the volumes are fitted for the reader as well as the collector of books. Type and paper and binding alike witness to the good taste by which the producers have been guided, and special note should be made of the harmony which has been achieved between the French eighteenth-century contents of the volumes and the shape in which they are put forth. This congruence of form and substance is far too rarely achieved in book production, if ever attempted. One notes numerous typographical defects in the first volume of the series, but not in those that follow.

When we turn to the substance of these volumes, we find them fully worthy of the form they assume. The selection, so far, shows a fine judgment on the editor's part, and he has been fortunate in securing such translators. Where all are admirable it is unfair to signalise any, but two of the volumes offered special difficulties, and one may be forgiven for noting the skill with which Mr. Eric Sutton has caught the tone of Crébillon and the high spirit with which Mrs. Jackson has happily

faced the (at all events for an English translator) embarrassing Diderot, though she must sometimes have felt as the Empress Catherine felt after an interview with that wonderful man. It was a happy thought to open the series with a delightful story, so typical and so little known, as *La Poupée* ; and all the others, each in its own way, are well deserving of their place. Perhaps *Angola*, in spite of its long-maintained reputation, is to-day the least interesting, because it is the least attractively personal in style and the most conventional, but it is so representative of its age that its selection cannot well be criticised. The editor has been as fortunate in the distinguished list of introducers as in his translators. But it is always difficult for an editor to tell how an introducer, eminent as he may be, will acquit himself in the special post to which he has been assigned. There is considerable variation to be noted here. Mr. Shane Leslie, perhaps because he had no guiding example to follow, has not been felicitous ; he spends much of his space in a summary of the story—quite unnecessary, as the reader already has the story before him—and he says not one word about the author and the circumstances of the authorship, though that is what the reader chiefly needs to know. The failure to tell Bibiena's tragic story is no doubt what every foreigner expects from "British hypocrisy," but it is unpardonable ; and, moreover, Bibiena's fate has a psychological bearing on his novel. Incidentally, Mr. Leslie makes statements

that are either incorrect or questionable, though it is a redeeming point that he recalls Beardsley's *Under the Hill*, probably the most exquisite English story in the eighteenth-century manner, a story that would perhaps be still more in that manner if we possessed it as it was written. Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes with swift, easy vivacity, but if we were to follow him with a deliberation he scarcely invites, we might find much to question in his treatment both of the great figure of Diderot and the very various eighteenth century. Mr. Hugh Walpole shows hearty and deserved appreciation of Boufflers, and says all that is necessary of that excellent story-teller. Mr. Augustus John, working in an unfamiliar medium, is competent, though he is content to be slight. By far the most masterly essay in these volumes is Mr. Aldous Huxley's. Crébillon has been so persistently and so ignorantly dismissed—like a still greater writer of his century, Laclos—as “licentious” or “frivolous,” that it is an immense satisfaction to find him at last recognised as artist, psychologist, and moralist, the first in his own difficult field. Mr. Huxley's essay is a fine piece of criticism, and does adequately what one, at least, of his readers has often dreamed of attempting to do.

If the remaining volumes of the series—of which twelve are planned—reach the same level, this will be a memorable collection with a place by itself. One may hope that the editor will see fit to introduce more of Crébillon—not indeed *Le Sopha*,

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with which his name is too often associated, for it is far from being among his best achievements, but at all events *Le Hasard au coin du Feu*, and possibly, if not too long, the *Lettres de la Marquise de M*—— as an example of the amorous stories by correspondence of that age. There is more also of Diderot to set beside, or but little below, *Le Neveu de Rameau* (even when we have put aside the doubtless too alarming *Bijoux Indiscrets*), such as *Rêve de D'Alembert* and the episode of *Mme de la Pommeraye*.

XVIII

MORAL CRITICISM

This review of the translation by Mr. Montgomery Belgion of Ramon Fernandez's MESSAGES appeared in the New York NATION for 8th June 1927.

THE criticism of critics is to-day an occupation actively pursued. The reason is that there are now so many critics. And there are so many critics because criticism has become the business not only of the few who regard it as a life-long vocation, but of the many who find it the best preparation for their life's vocation, all the ardent young spirits who, in order to find their own place in the world, feel the need to scrutinise searchingly the significant figures imposed on them as leaders.

The volume of *Études*, in which Jacques Rivière appeared before the world at the age of twenty-six, is a typical example of this sort. Rivière was not primarily interested in literature; he had set himself to explore the world in general and his own soul in particular (his lately published intimate correspondence with Alain-Fournier, to whom he dedicated the *Études*, reveals his aims), but he realised at the outset that to situate himself in the world he must grapple with those figures of his time in literature and painting and music

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which he instinctively felt to be significant ; and his instinct proved right, for all now recognise that significance, even though Rivière himself, when twelve years later—shortly before his early death two years ago—he republished the book, was keenly conscious of its critical inadequacy.

I mention Rivière, because it is from him that M. Fernandez claims to proceed. This does not mean that in any narrow sense he is a disciple. In an introductory "In Memoriam" of Rivière (omitted in the translation and rightly, for it comes in rather awkwardly), the author of *Messages* makes clear that the special value of Rivière for those who knew him was as a medium in which each could freely develop his own personality. It would, therefore, be idle to discuss the relation to Rivière of M. Fernandez. He has his own strongly marked personality.

It may not be unreasonable to find, to some extent, the clue to that personality in heredity and upbringing. M. Fernandez was born in Mexico and belongs to a distinguished family, his father at one time Mexican Minister to France ; his mother is Southern French, and he was himself taken as a child to France, where he has ever since chiefly lived. We may thus understand his large international outlook, and in part—not entirely, for it is mainly temperamental—the influence exerted on him by writers of English origin. Of the ten figures dealt with in this volume, five have written in English (Meredith, Newman,

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Pater, Conrad, and T. S. Eliot) ; of the others, one is German (Freud) and another (Maritain) possesses, as probably M. Fernandez would admit, little significance outside France. There remain Stendhal, Balzac, and Proust.

As *Études* was Rivière's first book, so *Messages* is the first book of M. Fernandez, produced at a less youthful age, and the work of a more mature thinker, indeed one who, from the outset, we may be sure, bore the impress of more decisive individuality than the supple and sensitive Rivière, wave-like and diverse ; we should expect to find in the man of Spanish race a "convinced individualist," as M. Fernandez describes himself, while the Spanish flavour we detect in Rivière's native Gascony is but a faint infusion. The title of this book must be read in the favourite English sense ; the men here discussed have come to the author with a "message."

That may suggest, and I think rightly, that M. Fernandez is fundamentally a moralist, a moralist who appears before us wearing the mask—certainly an excellent mask—of the critic. Naturally, that is not the way he would himself put it. In the admirable introductory essay of the volume, no doubt the most recently written as well as the most notable, M. Fernandez sets forth his own conception of his task as being that of a philosophic critic, that is, as he understands it, a critic who is not content to discuss a work of art for its own sake, technical or historical, but to seek out its

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“ spiritual dynamism,” and to ascertain what place it is entitled to occupy in the human universe. There is much of subtle and suggestive value, throughout the volume, of a “ philosophic ” or, one might say, philosophically psychological character, especially concerning the relation of an author’s work to his “ personality,” which it is not possible to deal with in a summary review. But the author’s ultimate interests are always less with thought than with activity in the world, and the “ spiritual dynamist ” is what in common English we call a “ moralist.” He frequently, we note, uses the word “ spiritual ”—a word which some English critics consider meaningless—but he is careful to explain that he means by it “ the internal unification of concrete experience.” We may compare M. Fernandez with the great English critic of the Victorian Age of fifty years ago, with Matthew Arnold and his *Essays in Criticism*. There was a vital difference, for Arnold was a master of prose, which M. Fernandez at present can scarcely claim to be ; but Arnold also set forth “ messages,” which to him came chiefly from France, as those of M. Fernandez chiefly from England ; and equally with the Frenchman, Arnold would have repelled the idea of being a moralist, though that “ joyful sense of creative activity ” which for him was the essence of criticism is not far from the “ spiritual dynamism ” of M. Fernandez.

A radical impulse to seek out the motive forces of living is apt to make a searching and ruthless

critic, and such M. Fernandez often proves himself to be. His essay on the method of Balzac is in this respect characteristic, though it is not of his best. It is partly based on the youthful aprioristic method of starting with arbitrary definitions and classifying in accordance with those definitions. Here there is much fine-spun distinction between the "novel" and the "narrative." It is a method of criticism I can sympathise with, for I recall how in youth I used to maintain precisely the same thesis and even to cite the same work, *Madame Bovary*, as the type of the novel. Such academic exercise is good in youth, but now seems to me supremely indifferent. As one grows older one realises that to appreciate a work of art the critic must put himself in the situation out of which that work sprang, reproducing to himself the artist's vision of it (that is what the academic critic shrinks from, to fall back into mechanical classification), so that when we have grasped the world the artist has created we may judge how far he has succeeded and how far his success has for ourselves any human value. We cast aside rigid artificial categories, which is why, as Croce has truly observed, criticism is so much more difficult than is commonly supposed. Here M. Fernandez so cruelly analyses the method of Balzac that we begin to ask ourselves how he accounts to himself for Balzac's fame in the world, until at the last moment he reveals the fine critic he is and concisely sums up what remains significant in the genius of Balzac.

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Even more characteristic, and not less searching, is the attitude of M. Fernandez towards Proust. There is on the surface an apparent contradiction in his feelings about Proust: on the one hand an immense admiration; on the other, a severe critic, eager to deny that he is a "Proustian." But the ambiguity scarcely exists for anyone who has entered into the spirit of M. Fernandez. We are here brought to the core of his problem, the problem, as he himself expresses it, of "the spiritual experience of the nineteenth century" and the question of what it furnishes "to assure to human life a better return." The human organism has, even anatomically, a sensory aspect and a motor aspect. On the sensory it reflects the images of the external world, and Proust (I am not here following M. Fernandez) stands out as the revealer, in an exquisite degree never before attained, of such sensory images. So keen an attentiveness, so absolute a passivity, could not exist without compensatory defect on the motor side; that is the price to be paid. We do not need to read about Proust's life, or to listen to what Parisian literary scandal (truthfully or not) adds, to accept the necessity of that price. M. Fernandez, too, accepts it; but he accepts it with a struggle. His own tendency is so emphatically to the motor side, he is so instinctively a champion of "spiritual dynamism," that Proust at the same moment casts on him a fascinating spell and arouses a fierce revolt. The whole of his essay on Proust is the

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criticism, acute and just, of Proust's "insufficiency," but we would like to see it more clearly emphasised that that defect was the foundation of Proust's fine quality. M. Fernandez relegates to a footnote the suggestion that there was in Proust "a premature fixation of sensibility, an arrest of development." There he is on the right track, and he might more precisely have implicated the invasion of that nervous affliction of asthma at the age of nine which hampered Proust's normal development and furnished the stimulus to his superb abnormal development. But this essay, significant as it is, must not be taken as our author's last word on Proust. In the introduction, "Proust's title of glory" is fully recognised, and since the present volume was published M. Fernandez has become editor of the *Cahiers Marcel Proust* which are to bring together with reverent care even the most minute Proustiana.

But we may best understand M. Fernandez's attitude to Proust when we turn to the essay he entitles "The Message of Meredith," whom he reasonably regards as the exact opposite of Proust. It was, I believe, his first published essay, and it lays bare his essential sympathy with those who express the motor side of life and its "spiritual dynamism." Among English readers just at present Meredith is scarcely a prophet; either he is too far or too near, and so proves irritating, while a tendency to romantic rodomontade (I speak for myself and the memory of an attempt

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made, at the suggestion of a fine critic, to read *Harry Richmond* some thirty years ago) is apt to alienate ; for if it is true, as M. Fernandez asserts, that "Meredith decapitated romanticism," he left to it a considerable body. Still, it is good for the English reader to have Meredith so clearly and freshly set forth, even with an excess of enthusiasm, and to realise that in his constant endeavour to harmonise living activity with intellectual activity, to establish the creative interaction of life and thought, he still has a "message" for the world.

It may seem piquant to the English reader to find Newman placed side by side with Meredith. Whether Meredith would have been amused or indignant at the juxtaposition is uncertain ; Newman would doubtless have been painfully hurt. But M. Fernandez gives good grounds for his faith. His admiration is here clearly limited ; he does not share the beliefs of "this almost mediæval priest," but he finds in him something "even uniquely modern." Here are more subtle points to bring out than when Meredith was discussed, but equally germane to the author's conception. Newman appears as an individualist, opposing a narrow and myopic rationalism by a deeper conception of complex elements of personality demanding harmonious persuasion ; here is invoked that "Illative Sense" which Newman set forth in the *Grammar of Assent* and regarded as something corresponding to taste in the fine arts, "a personal gift or acquisition" rather than a logical process,

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a sense which to follow is, as M. Fernandez admits, "a perilous path," but all that he has to say about it remains suggestive.

Regarded as a book, *Messages* seems to have been put together by simply collecting the author's literary essays, long and short, which thus often remain out of proportion alike in length and substance. The short essays come at the end, and the last is devoted to Mr. T. S. Eliot, whom, it is pleasant to note, M. Fernandez recognises as "one of the most profound of contemporary critics." He neglects to add that Mr. Eliot is a critic who knows how to write; clear expression means clear thought, though not necessarily deep thought, and there are moments when M. Fernandez may possibly be deep but is certainly not clear. But at least he is always vigorous and sincere, a subtle thinker, and robust, if not always delicate, in æsthetic appreciation. Among the literary movements of to-day he is well fitted to be a leader and guide.

He has found an admirable translator in Mr. Belgion, to whose insight and prompt action we owe the English version so soon after the publication last year of the original. The translation scrupulously follows the original, save where it rather betters it, silently amending slight oversights. Useful footnotes have also been added to explain references that English readers might find obscure. I would myself demur to a few small statements in these notes: Thibaudet is possibly

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the best of French academic critics, but would be flattered to hear that he is "an essayist in the manner of Montaigne"; the paradoxical Maurras is not adequately described as "an avowed atheist" if it is not added that he is also a champion of the Catholic Church; Brémond's name is connected with a futile discussion of "pure poetry," but nothing said of his main life-work, the *History of the Religious Sentiment in France*. These are trifles. The main point is that we here see adequately presented to the English reader a book which concerns all those who experience the impulse of essential criticism, "a disinterested endeavour"—again to revert to an old formula of Matthew Arnold's—"to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

XIX

THE PRIMITIVE SOUL

This review of Professor Lévy-Bruhl's L'ÂME PRIMITIVE, as translated by Lilian A. Clare, under the title, THE "SOUL" OF THE PRIMITIVE, appeared in the New York BOOK LEAGUE MONTHLY, during, I believe, 1928.

LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL is a professor at the Paris Sorbonne, esteemed in France and with a wide reputation abroad. His general philosophic attitude is Positivist—though he would not endorse all the doctrines of Auguste Comte—and severely rationalistic. His main subject of investigation is the "primitive soul," and his method that of the library student. I am sometimes inclined to regard him as the successor of my old friend, Professor Letourneau, whose radiant and amiable countenance I still recall in his study in the Boulevard Saint-Michel, lined with books from floor to ceiling, wherein he spent the last quarter of the nineteenth century in weaving a long series of works describing the sociological evolution of mankind as an aspiring course from the bestial to something like the angelic. Letourneau had been inspired by the scientific evolutionists of England; he turned to sociological ethnography in the Darwinian spirit, and he assumed that the savage of to-day was identical with the primitive

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man. Letourneau's activities were useful in their time, but his method was too simple, too facile, too cheerfully optimistic. Lévy-Bruhl, who would certainly associate himself with the criticisms which may now fairly be directed against Letourneau, is also an evolutionist, but of Comtist rather than Darwinian complexion; he seeks to sift his facts with more precise care, but he remains—and that is a significant point I wish to emphasise—a man of the study.

The doctrine which we specially associate with Lévy-Bruhl—the doctrine to which he chiefly owes his international fame—is that of the “pre-logical” nature of thought in “primitive” man. This “prelogical” quality of the savage's thinking (for Lévy-Bruhl cannot come near to “primitive” thought save by assuming that the modern savage illustrates it) is demonstrated by its acceptance of contradictions and inconsistencies, as well as by a general tendency to be influenced by what Lévy-Bruhl vaguely but disapprovingly terms “mystic” ideas.

With this thread as a clue, and well equipped by an earlier training in metaphysics, Lévy-Bruhl links together and groups with much subtlety a large number of the various and complicated beliefs of those modern savages whom he considers entitled to represent the “primitive soul.” The present volume, *L'Ame Primitive*, published in Paris two years ago, is the latest of a series, beginning in 1913, which he has devoted to this

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task. Lilian Clare, his devoted and skilful translator, now presents it in English. It cannot fail to be read with interest and profit by all those who are interested in the fascinating problems offered by the consideration of the "soul," whatever meaning we may be disposed to attach to that word. Lévy-Bruhl insists on the variety and vagueness of the meanings which the untutored savage assigns to the "soul." But have we, in civilisation to-day, attained a crystalline precision in its definition?

There at once we are brought to the central idea which is Lévy-Bruhl's guiding clue through this labyrinth: the "prelogical" mind. In philosophy it has sometimes been found quite possible to choose a guiding principle which is itself of very fragile texture, and to find that it leads to all sorts of interesting and valuable truths. To mention two philosophers of the first calibre: Schopenhauer's "Will" and Plato's "Ideas," though fictions of the imagination, were fully justified. But in sociological science such a process is more dubious, and we are entitled to inquire into the precise nature and significance of this conception of the "prelogical" mind.

One notes at the outset that "prelogical" implies a certain kind of evolutionary progression, or else Lévy-Bruhl would have chosen the more neutral term "alogical." A "prelogical" stage assumes a succeeding "logical" stage. There, at once, we are filled with doubts. For mind did

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not begin in the zoological series with Man. Other animals, even when very remote from Man, have mental activities. Moreover, their minds are not "prelogical" but sometimes very logical indeed. "My cat," Unamuno remarks, "never laughs or cries; he is always reasoning." Nothing indeed can exceed the logical justice and precision of the domestic cat's mind, with every purposive act measured and adjusted to the end to be achieved. But we see the same logical activity in creatures far more removed from Man than the cat. Fabre, with his ineradicable prejudice against Darwinism, refused to admit the facts which show that what we call "instinct" may vary accordingly as the situation to be dealt with varies, and is thus simply reason, for reason one might fairly regard as an instinct that varies with circumstances. But Hingston, the latest scientific investigator of spiders and ants, who in his just published book, *Problems of Instinct and Intelligence*, subscribes to the view that "instinct" is frozen intelligence, while agreeing that spiders are for the most part blind machines, finds it impossible to deny that in some of his experiments ants "well knew what they were doing and the reason why they did it." That is to say, they do not entirely live in a "prelogical" world, and we may even believe that they are as remote from "mystical" vagaries as the most devout of Lévy-Bruhl's disciples could desire.

But if the animal predecessors of primitive Man can scarcely be considered "prelogical" in the

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Lévy-Bruhlian sense, still more doubtful is it whether his modern successors can, in the same sense, be considered "logical." Lévy-Bruhl's conception is that Man's mind has been progressing from a luxuriant imaginative "primitive" stage, which was full of contradictions, towards a stage in which reason rules and inconsistencies are not tolerated: a culminating phase of scientific "positivism." It is obvious that, in reality, we of to-day live in no such phase. A narrowly "positivistic" scientific conception of the world, refusing to admit anything unproved by science, or anything apparently inconsistent with its proofs, is possessed by but a small minority. Even among those who most genuinely accept the claims of science and of reason, there are many who do not admit that science and reason cover the whole of life, while there are some—far from considering themselves reactionaries—who vigorously repel any claim of science to decide on the essential things of life. Lévy-Bruhl holds that the true doctrine lies with those who, like himself, uphold the most austere demands of Reason, and that all the others are belated survivors from a primitive state that is past. But is not this faith in "Reason" completely arbitrary?

Since beginning to read Lévy-Bruhl's book, I have chanced to come across a remark much to the present point by a distinguished French critic of to-day who is discussing the work of exactly such another ascetically positivist adherent to the

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faith in Reason. "It is in the name of Reason," M. Jaloux well observes, "that St. Thomas and the disciples of the *Summa* accept the truth of the Church's teaching, and it is in the name of Reason that many others refuse to believe in God. I think that the reasonable thing is to avoid having too much confidence in Reason. Sometimes it seems to me the most captious and elastic of all the forms of imagination." The point could not be more clearly and concisely put, and it is needless to say more.

It may now be clear, however, why it is that Lévy-Bruhl's doctrine of the "prelogical" mind has found little or no acceptance among the actual investigators of the methods of thought and behaviour among savages to-day. Lévy-Bruhl is felt to be a man of dogma and a man of the study; his speculations—however ingenious, suggestive, and helpful—cannot give us a true picture of the real ordinary savage. We might similarly suppose a savage philosopher studying the civilised mind by reading our newspapers crammed with murders and outrages and all those "amazing" occurrences by which journalism lives. He would find it hard to believe that in civilisation, just as in his own savagery, there are masses of people who live peaceful, harmless, and uneventful lives. Nor does the average uncivilised man, any more than the civilised, take his own beliefs in too solemnly literal a manner. The Mohammedan in the desert who believes that the air is full of *djinns*, and that

it is dangerous even to throw away a date stone, lives no less cheerful a life than the Christian who believes that an everlasting lake of fire and brimstone awaits him if he happens to tell a lie. Consistency cannot always be found in civilisation, even among the ideas of the individual, and still less when we compare the ideas of different individuals. Lévy-Bruhl regards it as characteristic of "primitive" men that their ideas of the human spirit and its persistence after death are "vague, confused, and often contradictory." But so are those of civilised men, and a question on this point addressed to the first half-dozen civilised persons at random would produce answers by no means falling short of the savage's in these respects, and perhaps excelling them. Lévy-Bruhl makes much of a distinction—which, he believes, had previously "escaped nearly all observers"—between the conception of the soul held by the "prelogical" savage and that held by the civilised Christian missionary. To the white man, he says, it is a question of *dualism* (a perishable corporeal substance united to an imperishable spiritual substance); to the savage it is a question of *duality*; that is, all beings are homogeneous, nothing being purely material and nothing purely spiritual, all possessing in varying degrees the properties the civilised man ascribes to spirit alone. But an opinion not far from this "prelogical" view has been held by many men of eminent intellect in civilisation. Thus Milton rejected the "common

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opinion " that man is " made up and framed of two distinct and different natures as of soul and body," and held that " the whole of man is soul and the soul man," at once individual, animated, sensitive, and rational ; it is a belief that some men of positive science have favoured in more recent times, and it is hard to see why such " duality " should be more " prelogical " than " dualism."

Several chapters of this book are concerned with the savage's conception of the individual and the group. In savage sociological theory the group comes first and the individual almost nowhere. The group is the real unit and the individual only an element of the unit. In practice as well as in theory it is undoubtedly true that individuality is largely subordinated in savage life. Yet hardly to the extent that Lévy-Bruhl assumes, for the most competent observers of actual savage life (like Dr. Malinowski) find no lack of individual temperaments and a considerable aptitude to reach individual gratification, even in opposition to the will of the group. A high degree of individual development and individual freedom is rare in savage life. But it is also rare in civilised life. There is a perpetual struggle on the part of the finer elements in civilisation to attain freedom for individuality, and there has yet been no civilisation in which the highest manifestations of individuality have escaped persecution, exile, even death, or, at least, during life, complete neglect.

But the reason for the oppression of individuality is the immense value of solidarity. The savage instinctively devises fantastic reasons for cultivating solidarity, but even if the reasons are unreasonable fictions, their motives are reasonable and the end attained socially desirable. Lévy-Bruhl wisely refrains from grappling with Vaihinger on this point, for if he did his conception of the "prelogical" would dissolve in his hands. It seems indeed to argue some audacity on the part of the publishers of the present volume to present to the American public so disparaging a conception of the uniform social group, convicting Main Street of savagery, to say nothing of those aspirations of human solidarity which have often appealed so strongly to the revolutionary idealist.

One is tempted, indeed, to reverse Lévy-Bruhl's theory of mental progression in humanity, and to place at the beginning the simple logical consistent positivistic attitude which he places at the end. The lower animals are certainly more primitive than Man, and it is among them that we can trace more clearly the simple consistent logical attitude, the complete freedom from "mystical" ideas. The savage is the pioneer of humanity in introducing a more complex vision of the problems of life and society, though for a large part he is doing so unconsciously and fantastically. Civilised man to-day can use fictions, and know that he is doing so, and that it is wise to do so; he can be inconsistent and realise that such an attitude is required,

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since even our human virtues are contradictory, and either for man or woman to be at once just and generous, modest and brave, means holding opposites in balance. And he can be thus illogical, because to-day he realises, when not bound by the fetters of dogma, that the world itself is illogical, even though it holds in it a thread of reason which it is worth their while for living creatures to seek out and use. Physicists to-day are able to maintain two contradictory theories of the substance of the world and to believe that both are right. The quantum theory explains some phenomena that the wave theory cannot explain, and the wave theory explains some phenomena that the quantum theory cannot explain. And the two theories are irreconcilable. So that Professor Eddington has been led to suggest that perhaps, after all, Nature is irrational. It may be a contradictory Universe, with which we can only live in harmony by being ourselves contradictory.

XX

BRIFFAULT'S "THE MOTHERS"

This review of Robert Briffault's, THE MOTHERS: A STUDY OF THE ORIGINS OF SENTIMENTS AND INSTITUTIONS, was published in the New York BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW for September 1928.

THIS huge work, covering in its three volumes nearly 2500 pages, and representing an enormous amount of labour, was published a year ago. It has attracted wide attention, but that attention has by no means always been favourable. It has secured high praise from a few, but more often it has been received coolly or with hostile criticism. It was first called to my notice, immediately on publication, by Mr. Austen Harrison, formerly the editor of the *English Review* and himself the author of books on women's questions; he wrote to me of *The Mothers* with enthusiasm. But when I later came to read reviews of the book I found that by most of the critics it was belittled. Now, after an interval, it seems worth while to investigate the cause of this attitude and to inquire how far it was justified.

The author of *The Mothers*, so far as one can learn, is a physician who comes from New Zealand (though the name indicates a French origin); he is not known in connection with medicine, but is

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the author of several non-medical books, and it is clear that he is a person of intensely active mind who has moved much about the world, was in the trenches during the war, and has acquired wide interests. He is now settled in London, and states in a brief pathetic passage of the Preface, which wins the reader's sympathy, that the present work has been "completed amid great suffering. The flight that began with still youthful buoyancy has been brought to a conclusion on broken wings," adding that he has "worked single-handed and been spared no drudgery."

Under all these circumstances it could not but be a pleasure to congratulate Dr. Briffault without qualification on bringing to a conclusion a great and memorable enterprise. His main thesis is that the part played by woman at the early stages of human culture has been under-estimated, because, since we live under a long-established patriarchal order, only to-day undergoing modification, we find it hard to understand how there could ever have been a time when the influence of woman in the community, based on descent in the female line, was equal to, or greater than, that of man, so that what may be called a matriarchal order prevailed. This was rendered possible by the great fact of maternity at a period when paternity was uncertain and even unknown (conception being attributed to other causes), and to all the various industries, sentiments, and activities, of the first importance for early man, which radiated

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from maternity (and among its irradiations Briffault, with many other writers, counts love), while, before war had developed or the idea of property passed beyond its elementary phase, there was no occasion for the dominance of man. So that "the social characters of the human mind are, one and all, traceable to the operations of instincts that are related to the functions of the female and not to those of the male." With a settled agricultural life, the development of war, of property, and the initiation of a family life in which the husband founded the home and brought the wife into it, an almost revolutionary change occurred in the social order.

That is a thesis which is not new and has often been vigorously opposed at various points as contrary to many established facts. But, while it is impossible to speak with certainty regarding the social life of early man, there may yet be much in the argument which contains possible and even probable truth, often overlooked and needing to be brought forward in order to modify the common tendency to set up a patriarchal order as almost a law of nature. It has usually been associated with Bachofen, who wrote nearly a century ago, with much erudition, though without the benefit of the more critical information which has since been accumulated, and in an atmosphere of mysticism which served to discredit with most later investigators the primitive gynecocracy, or rule of woman, which he believed he had discerned; there are still

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many who more or less follow the views put forward by Bachofen, while other authorities of at least equal or greater weight, admitting the frequent existence of descent in the maternal line, deny the conclusions that have been drawn from it. There was, therefore, ample room for an investigator who, recognising the pioneering insight of Bachofen, would discard his romantic extravagance, and seek to give force to the argument he presented in a more moderate form and in the light of later information.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Briffault, in taking up this task not only with enthusiasm and industry, but a notable equipment of acute intelligence and varied outlook, should have been seriously handicapped by defects of literary temperament. I say "literary temperament," because I know nothing whatever of his personal temperament. It is the writer alone whom I am able to take into consideration.

Dr. Briffault, it is clear from his previous books as well as from *The Mothers*, is a writer who is temperamentally attracted to the paradoxical. This is not the same as being heterodox, for a thinker may wander from the orthodox path without putting himself into violent opposition to it, and even without knowing that he is wandering. But to be paradoxical involves a deliberate and violent challenge to what is regarded as orthodox. A previous work, *Psyche's Lamp*, Dr. Briffault himself described as a challenge to the most funda-

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mental of all notions, that of individuality, which he considered a mere abstraction, and he there precluded his later attack on the patriarchal social order by abolishing the conflict with what he called the "patriarchal universe." Dr. Briffault likes to feel that he is standing alone against the world. He puts forward this thesis as his own discovery, without explaining that, though not in precisely the same form, there are a number of distinguished workers in this field who, in one form or another, have argued along similar lines to his own. Indeed, of some of the most notable of them he speaks disparagingly, and even his solitary tribute to Bachofen is relegated to a footnote.

As regards the protagonists on both sides, one may add, it seems characteristic that Dr. Briffault never attempts to estimate the relative weight of their opinions. He quotes a vast number of authors—between two and three thousand—but he seems unable to see the trees for the wood. There are a dozen or so workers in this field in recent times to whose judicial opinion much weight must be attached, even if they are not accepted, but there is no sign that Dr. Briffault distinguishes them in the jungle, even when they favour his own views ; he is liable to treat any of them with a supercilious air of easy authority, or, if he distinguishes, that is only to be known by the frequency with which he attacks them.

This literary temperament may be described as hyperæsthetic. Dr. Briffault is intensely alive

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and sensitive to the ideas that strike him. But he responds to them excessively. So that while he is perpetually putting forth views that, though they may not be new, have been freshly realised by himself, and may well contain overlooked elements of truth, he tends to put them forth extravagantly—frequently with the aim of contradicting somebody else—and so, in the eyes of the judicious, he is apt to prejudice a point that was well worth making. To take a simple and obvious example, he insists, more than once, on the opposition between the sexual impulse and the mating impulse, and is even hereby carried to the wild assertion (which he elsewhere contradicts) that in savage matings there is no sexual selection. If he had been content to say they were *distinct*, we should agree that here is a distinction we must always recognise. But it is not enough for Dr. Briffault to point out, as he rightly does, that the two impulses are distinct; such a mild statement he fails to find sufficiently extreme, and twenty pages farther on he asserts that there is "direct contrast and antagonism."

These hyperæsthetic reactions are specially notable in Dr. Briffault's attitude towards fellow-workers, and they are the more pronounced the more eminent the worker who calls them out. Professor Westermarck, perhaps the most distinguished authority in this field, and a worker who possesses in the highest degree those qualities of judicial caution and moderation in which Dr.

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Briffault is not conspicuous, is repeatedly called out for pedagogic castigation, and never with the smallest recognition of the great qualities which have assured for Westermarck's history of marriage its high reputation. The criticisms, it is possible, may often be justified, but I may note that I tried to verify one of them, where Dr. Briffault reprov-ingly states that Westermarck gives "an incorrect reference to H. H. Ellis." But on looking the point up, the reference is found to be perfectly correct ; the incorrection is Briffault's. In another place, where an absurd argument is attributed to another cautious and distinguished authority, Dr. Moll, the absurdity is found due to an extravagant twist which has been given to Moll's statement.

It may be simplest for me to illustrate these traits of Dr. Briffault's mind by his method of treating a statement of my own. Many years ago I pointed out that the primitive rule of exogamy—or marriage outside the immediate group—may have its biological basis (though not its complete explanation, for there the active human intelligence came into inventive play) in the fact that the mating impulse is felt more strongly towards comparative strangers than towards those who have been brought up in the same household, or have been companions from childhood. This is not, as Dr. Briffault thinks, a "theory," but a statement of fact which most people can confirm out of their own early experiences. It is not specially a phenomenon of civilisation, for it rests on an

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instinctive basis which is independent of culture. It is a common experience in all isolated communities that when a young woman from outside is introduced she has, without the exercise of any coquetry, all the young men at her feet. In disputing this fact, Dr. Briffault fails to see that he thereby deprives his own conception of primitive society of its biological basis, and leaves it in the air, for his view is that, in the first stages of human life, women always chose as their sexual partners men who were strangers and whom they refused to live with, preferring to live with their children among their own blood relations. That the immature instincts of children tend to have what is, not quite correctly, termed an "incestuous" direction, is, thanks to the Freudians, now well recognised; it is equally well recognised that, with the attainment of adolescence and the normal susceptibility to the stronger attractions of the less familiar mating object, there is a sharp reaction against the immature and childish tendencies, and a horror of incest arises. All this is, to an impartial observer, simple, natural, and universal. It represents the general rule, to which there are, of course, endless exceptions, early "fixations," more or less pathological, which are never overcome. To bring them forward, as Dr. Briffault does, to invalidate the general rule, is idle and scarcely intelligent, though, in order to strengthen his opposition to my representation of this rule, he states that I had put it forward as "indispensable"; needless to

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say, I have never said anything so absurd. Impelled by the same motive, he makes the equally baseless assertion that I had been referring "exclusively to the operation of the sexual instincts of the male." On the contrary, this instinct is probably even more marked in the female, and numberless women, when urged by a suitor they have known from childhood, have felt, and often said, "I am very fond of you, but I don't want to marry you—I know you so well!" In other words, they feel that such a union would have a kind of "incestuous" character. Dr. Briffault, however, might seem to belong to that class of controversialists who hold that we should reply not to what our adversary actually said, but to what he ought to have said if we are to triumph over him.

That supposition would be unjust, for it is probable that Dr. Briffault is simply carried away by his special temperament to excesses which he had not deliberately planned. But we may now realise why it is that his achievement in producing this memorable work has not been received with all the applause which it may seem to merit. He has unfairly disparaged the fellow-workers before whom, in the first place, his book naturally comes for judgment, and—unkindest cut of all—he has even contrived to alienate in some measure the very sex which he has come forth to champion. His aim is the justification of the primitive place of women in society, at a period when culture was

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not the outcome of masculine activity but mainly an achievement of women. "Social organisation itself was the expression of feminine functions. Those social sentiments without which no aggregate of individuals can constitute a society were the immediate derivatives of the feelings which bind the mother and her offspring, and consisted originally of these, and of these alone. Upon them the superstructure of humanity, and the powers and possibilities of its development, ultimately rest." But in the establishment of the patriarchal system and the civilisation bound up with it—for neither of which he feels unqualified admiration and both which he seems to think likely to disintegrate in their present form—Dr. Briffault can assign but a small part to woman, while he magnifies the part women have played in primitive magic, and makes no attempt to conceal the facts, which are indeed undisputed, concerning the licentiousness of women among various uncivilised peoples. It was no doubt inevitable that such a champion should arouse horror in the breasts of many feminists, who still cherish the ideals of prim feminine respectability which are said to have prevailed in England during the Victorian Age.

When we have thus disposed of Dr. Briffault's critics by accounting for their existence, and at the same time put aside his own theories concerning the sexual order of a Palæolithic Age from which no documents for proof or disproof exist, it is possible to speak of this work with genuine admira-

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tion. Every page of it may be read with enjoyment, and there are few readers who will not derive knowledge or suggestion from some of them, provided they approach them with an alert critical sense. This author possesses wide-ranging interests, supported by an immense and indiscriminate familiarity with their literature (which he generally quotes with marvellous accuracy), and combined with an athletic intelligence which moves easily in this wilderness of quotations, constantly throwing out new ideas or reviving old ideas, illustrating them from a fresh angle or attaching to them an unexpected importance. Moreover, this book is the work of a brilliant writer, one may even say a literary artist, and if his ideas are at times obscure, and he sometimes contradicts himself, there is no obscurity in his expression. Every chapter may be read with ease as well as with pleasure.

It is characteristic of the author's intellectual grasp that his eagerness to penetrate to the origins of society does not preclude an insight into the present. "We live," he remarks in his final chapter, "in a patriarchal society in which patriarchal principles have ceased to be valid." We cannot, even if it were desirable, return to any earlier order, but we can mould the future. Men can unlearn the patriarchal theory, and women—mothers in the spirit even when not in the flesh—can learn that "all racial ideas that are worth while are ultimately identical with their own

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elemental instincts"; in throwing off their economic dependence they are rescuing from the like thralldom the deep realities of which they were the first "mothers." Both sexes alike, putting aside all efforts to impose their own ideals on the opposite sex and substituting mutual co-operation for sex antagonism, can work together for the future evolution of society. They can so organise marriage that it ceases to be an "institution" for the State to regulate, and assumes new forms which the State cannot institute, though it is its duty to register them. "It is towards new forms of marriage that existing conditions point. Individual men and women differ profoundly in their fitness for one form or other of sexual association; what is in a given instance desirable is quite unsuitable in others." This final chapter may be read with profit even by those who are least inclined to assume a primitive rule of women.

When from this final standpoint we survey *The Mothers*, we cannot fail to recognise that, notwithstanding all the criticism his work has been subjected to, Dr. Briffault may view with satisfaction the outcome of his labour and thought. He has produced a book which no investigator in these fields can henceforth afford to neglect.

XXI

AN INQUIRY INTO MARRIAGE

Published in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 6th April 1929, in review of Dr. G. V. Hamilton's memorable work, A RESEARCH IN MARRIAGE.

THE sex life of ordinary men and women has been the last subject in the world for the cool, investigating hands of science to touch. Strange, perhaps, that the inquisitive thirst for knowledge should neglect precisely that subject which so many people regard as of the first importance in their personal lives. It might appear to an outsider a proof of the exalted idealism of an extraordinary species of beings who went to endless trouble to analyse the composition of the stars and were completely indifferent to the analysis of the conditions needed to secure their own personal welfare. But the motives of this neglect were not so lofty as the outsider might imagine. There was more of terror than of heroism in the attitude. Men had so surrounded the most intimate part of their bodies with hideous bogies and taboos that they were frightened at the spectre they had themselves evoked, and it was merely the refuge of cowardice that they sought in stellar space.

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So not until about half a century ago was there any systematic attempt to investigate the psychology of sex-love, and then it was confined to the most morbid and outrageous forms of that psychology (as embodied in Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*), as though by an instinctive desire to indicate that we were here concerned with phenomena in which ordinary humanity had no part. In my own *Studies* were embodied the first attempts to present the sex histories of "normal" people, and at the same time to indicate that there is no line of demarcation between "normal" and "abnormal." Meanwhile, the far-reaching speculations of Freud have, on the one hand, almost revolutionised some departments of sex investigations, while, on the other hand, various methodical inquiries have been set up for the acquisition of knowledge on special points; notable among these are the results of the *questionnaires* issued from New York by Dr. Katharine Davis.

But now it is possible to chronicle an investigation, again in America, which is an advance on all that has gone before in this field. The investigator, Dr. G. V. Hamilton, is not unknown. Ten years ago he was the pioneer in exploring the sex life of the higher apes under conditions which were an attempt to approximate to the natural conditions, a field in which many have since followed him. Now, turning to another, and to ourselves specially interesting, branch of the Primates, he has inaugurated a yet more fruitful series of observa-

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tions. The distinguishing mark of his investigation is its more rigidly systematic and comprehensive character. In this way, however it may fall short, it becomes a more nearly scientific attempt to reach the facts than any that went before. We can never be sure that individuals' histories are typical, while *questionnaires* cannot be adequately controlled and need to be very limited in scope. Dr. Hamilton secured 100 married men and 100 married women (not necessarily husbands and wives to each other), of good social standing, some of them persons of note, and all presumably normal. An extremely lengthy series of sometimes very intimate questions was carefully prepared, covering all the main aspects of the sex life. These were submitted to the long-suffering victims of this inquisition under Dr. Hamilton's personal supervision. When the answers were finally obtained (though all the questions were not answered by all the subjects), these answers were elaborately summarised and analysed by Dr. Hamilton's assistants, and the results appear as percentages. The whole investigation has now been published in New York, and, though highly condensed, it fills a substantial volume of nearly six hundred pages.

The obvious criticism of these results is that the subjects are too few, the more so as for many questions the answers are defective or ambiguous. When we come to the minute shades of sexual feeling or practice, and to the correlations between them which Dr. Hamilton's assistants have worked

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out with so much skill, lucidity, and patience, we are especially uncertain as to the validity of the results. We should feel more confidence if the subjects could have been increased to the number of a thousand. But this criticism is silenced at the outset by the frankness with which Dr. Hamilton himself acknowledges its force. He repeatedly states throughout that he is not claiming to put forward any final conclusions. It is the right attitude, and in adopting it the author creates beforehand an atmosphere favourable to the acceptance of his results.

Dr. Hamilton is, indeed—as we may clearly recognise—an absolutely ideal investigator at the stage of development which “sexology” has to-day reached. The pioneering days are past. There are no more continents to discover here, and the methods of the adventurous pioneer can no longer be profitably adopted. It is the highly trained surveyor of the new land that we now require. No one in this field of methodical scientific survey seems to be so well equipped to-day as Dr. Hamilton. This equipment does not consist merely of his training in comparative and morbid psychology. That would not suffice. Indeed, no scientific discipline is in itself enough. For the investigator in this field a particular disposition is needed which no training can yield, an attitude, that is to say, of humane sympathy and insight, of freedom from conventional prejudice, of instinctive caution in drawing conclusions. These are

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qualities that can scarcely be acquired without the right innate disposition. Dr. Hamilton's temper of mind is well revealed by his attitude towards Freud, always a test of the investigator in this field. It is at once appreciative and critical; he realises the magnitude of Freud's achievement and is willing to follow up Freud's stimulating suggestions, but he retains his own freedom and independence. He shows to how considerable an extent hidden psycho-dynamic mechanisms may be discovered, quite independently of psycho-analysis, by what he terms "non-mystical methods of research." It may be noted here, in passing, that this is a questionable use of the much abused word "mysticism," and Freud would certainly protest at being described as a "non-scientific student of human nature," as he claims to be a man of science, neither more nor less.

These unfortunate qualifications might well have been omitted without injury to Dr. Hamilton's position. It is possible, indeed, that he himself would now admit this, for even in the brief period since his investigation was completed he has declared that it has had the result of causing him to move more closely to the Freudian outlook.

It is impossible to summarise this *Research*, for the volume is itself a summary, and contains 468 tables, besides other figures and correlations. The results are at innumerable points of value and often of novelty; even when not new they bring out points with a new precision. Thus the significance,

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even for later life, of opportunities of obtaining early information on matters of sex is clearly revealed. Only 5 per cent. men and 38 per cent. women could definitely report that they had no occasion in childhood to experience curiosity concerning the conformation of the opposite sex ; and the importance of this early sex knowledge is well indicated by the finding that 80 per cent. of those women who knew before the age of six where children came from, show adequate sexual capacity in their married life, but only 42 per cent. of those who never knew till after the age of twelve ; while those who, as children, met with encouragement to their questions, have a much more satisfactory sex life after marriage than those whose parents were embarrassed or stiff in face of their children's questions. It appears that 31 per cent. of the women, although of the well-to-do and educated class, had received no preparation whatever for the appearance of menstruation. Altogether Dr. Hamilton considers that not 5 per cent. of his subjects have entirely escaped damage from some injurious but preventable influence of early life. It is to be remembered that they are men and women of more than average intelligence and attainments, more or less importantly occupied in the world. They correspond to our own upper middle-class people—the section most socially influential—and if, as we may assume, conditions are in this respect much the same among us, many things in English life may become clearer to us.

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What is the proportion of married people who really obtain satisfaction in marriage? Hamilton finds that 63 husbands and 47 wives consider their marriage successful or fairly successful. He has a very definite impression that the wives in his group—and I believe the impression would have remained had he gone beyond his group—have been more seriously disappointed in their marriages than the men; 39 husbands have no cause for dissatisfaction, but only 25 wives; 11 wives find “everything unsatisfactory,” but only 2 husbands. Hamilton was rather surprised to find that a man is more likely to be happy in marriage with a woman who is sexually inadequate than a woman is with a sexually inadequate husband. It is interesting, in view of the strict prohibition in the United States of the publication of the methods of birth-control, that as many as 92 per cent. of the men and 87 per cent. of the women use contraceptives—probably as large a proportion as in England, where we have no such prohibition. Dr. Hamilton believes that the strange latter-day opposition to birth-control—for as Carr-Saunders and others have shown, the limitation of offspring by one method or another has always been accepted in earlier stages of civilisation—is the greatest obstacle in the way of solving one of the major problems of married life, and he finds that as many as 21 of 81 women in his group—over 25 per cent.—have had one or more abortions performed.

Dr. Hamilton's subjects are men and women

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mostly under forty years of age, all living in New York City, and some of them persons of considerable achievement in the world. They are, therefore, full of significant instruction for us as being among the finer representatives of the new adult generation, for we may reasonably suppose that they enable us to realise the direction in which the world is to-day moving. (I may remark that in England my own observations, though I cannot present results so comprehensive and precise as Dr. Hamilton's, harmonise with his at all main points.) In view of the common opinion concerning the prevalence of sexual licence to-day, it is instructive to observe that 41 per cent. of the husbands and 53 per cent. of the wives had never had any sexual relationship before marriage; and 46 per cent. of the men and 61 per cent. of the women never except with the future partner in marriage. Dr. Hamilton's analysis, moreover, enables him to separate the younger from the elder of his subjects. He is thus able to ascertain that men of the younger generation are more "conventional" as regards pre-marital sexual intercourse—that is to say are more chaste—than men of the older generation. But not so the women. "Our men are becoming more virtuous and our women less so." The result is that among persons born in 1891, or later, the percentage of both men and women who have not had sexual intercourse before marriage is about the same. James Hinton, who, more than half a century ago, was the

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passionate though sometimes wrong-headed pioneer of sexual reform, used to be filled with wrath at the spectacle of the contrast between the undue licence and undue restraint—unequally shared by the sexes—which marked the society of his time. His spirit might have been soothed if he had known how true a pioneer he was of a swiftly approaching future.

Dr. Hamilton's results will doubtless seem shocking to many readers ; but, though sometimes even himself a little surprised, he wisely remains an optimist. "The educated younger men and women," he writes, "with their serious-minded but frankly experimental attitude towards sex, refuse to be superstitiously moralistic ; but they also refuse to be either obscenely furtive or inexpediently defiant and disorderly. They are trying to be sane and broad-minded." That may be said to be the final moral of a memorable research which is as instructive in its facts as it is reasonable and humane in its outlook.

XXII

THOMAS HARDY AND THE HUMAN PAIR

These pages were written as an Introduction to the English translation of Pierre d'Exideuil's LE COUPLE HUMAIN DANS L'ŒUVRE DE THOMAS HARDY, published in 1930. They were there printed with the omission of two or three sentences, which are here included.

IT is common to speak of Thomas Hardy as a "pessimist." It is not a description he himself accepted. One may well go farther and say that for anyone who is concerned with the spectacle of life the term "pessimism" is as much out of place as the term "optimism." The person who believes that everything in the world is for the best can only have known one hemisphere of it, and only have felt half of what it offers; he is a maimed and defective being who has never in any complete sense lived. And the person who believes that everything in the world is for the worst is similarly one-sided in his vision, and semi-ignorant in his experiences. No one, indeed, who has really caught a glimpse of the infinitely varied universe of experience in which we live, can apply to it such demoded metaphysical terms as "optimism" and "pessimism." It is true, as a distinguished French critic has lately remarked:

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"Humanity does not give birth in joy, and even the novelists most optimistic in their philosophy, like André Gide, have yet written bitter things. The great masterpieces of fiction reach us effaced by time and commentaries, but think of the corrosive acid that poisoned on their first appearance *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* or *Le Rouge et Le Noir*. Nothing more atrociously desperate than *The Mill on the Floss*, or *Le Cousin Pons*, or *The Possessed*." Jaloux is here refuting the charge of "pessimism" brought against the novels of Julien Green, but he might have been speaking of Hardy or even of Shakespeare. For Shakespeare no more becomes a pessimist by virtue of *Lear* than an optimist by virtue of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The artist lifts us into a region where these metaphysical distinctions are meaningless, and we may well feel sorry for the simple folk who can turn from the radiant exhilaration of Hardy's art and mutter "Pessimist!"

It is another matter to say that life is a tragedy and a comedy, and, often enough, both together. There is an inescapable logic of sequences in it, and there is a wild absurdity; there is anguish and there is joy; there is, in the end, the serene contemplation of a whole in which all the varied elements fall into place. That is how those who approach life naturally—that is to say, unobsessed by philosophical dogmas—inevitably feel, whether or not they happen to be artists: as a tragedy, and also at times a farce, a source of delight, some-

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times of horror, even, sometimes of irony—in short, as Dante phrased it, a “divine comedy.” Life has indeed always been so for the natural man, from whatever Adam and Eve you choose to trace him.

It was so that life was for Hardy. He interested himself a little in philosophy, and more in art; as the years went on he interested himself in fiction as an art, his own in particular, and even wrote suggestively about it. But, whether or not he was a great artist, he was not a philosopher. He was a natural and simple man as free from the pretentiousness of “high art” as from any other pretence, so modest and human as to feel hurt by the clamour of fools around his *Jude the Obscure*. Hardy was not a child of culture nor even, one sometimes thinks, a well-trained workman in literature. He had never been subjected to any discipline, scarcely, so far as one can see, even in architecture; his education was mainly the outcome of a random, inquisitive, miscellaneous reading, and the love-letters he wrote in youth to the dictation of unschooled peasant girls (like Richardson and like Restif de la Bretonne) may well have been an important part of it. His stories lapse at times into extravagance or absurdity. His style, exquisite at moments, is often (though this may be justified by his belief that “a living style lies in not having too much style—being, in fact, a little careless”) weak, feeble, careless. It is genius that carries him through. And of its possession he seemed mostly unconscious.

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His modest, quiet, smiling simplicity was the dominant impression the man made, at all events in earlier days, when one met him. I only knew him slightly—a few meetings, an occasional letter—and my most vivid memory dates from a long afternoon spent alone with him as far away as some forty years, before he had become famous. (I had, not long before, in the *Westminster Review* for April 1883, published an article on his novels which was one of the earliest serious appreciations of his work and my own earliest long essay.) Yet even so brief a meeting may suffice to furnish a key to a writer's work, and to reveal the quality of the atmosphere in which that work moves.

The tragi-comedy of life, its joy and its pain, most often have their poignant edge at the point of sex. That is especially so when we are concerned with a highly sensitive, alert, rather abnormal child of nature, with the temperament of genius. Such we in part know, in part divine, that Hardy was, though always reticent about any autobiographical traits in his novels. Every reader of Mrs. Hardy's *Early Life of Thomas Hardy* has noted the statement that "a clue to much in his character and action throughout his life is afforded by his lateness of development in virility, while mentally precocious. He himself said humorously in later times that he was a child till he was sixteen, a youth till he was five-and-twenty, and a young man till he was nearly fifty." The statement may be vague, but it indicates an element of abnormality

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such as we are apt to find in genius ; some such element is indeed an inevitable concomitant of the special sensitiveness and new vision of genius—the new vision of things seen at an angle slightly, yet significantly, different from that at which the average man is placed. For genius feels the things we all feel, but feels them with a virginal freshness of sensation, a new pungency or a new poignancy, even the simplest things, the rustling of the wind in the trees or over the heather, which become, since Hardy has revealed them to us, an experience we had never before known.

It is in the problems of the relations of men and women that, as we might expect, these qualities of Hardy's special genius reach their full expression. That cannot fail to have been observed by all those who have discussed his work in fiction. But I doubt if it has ever been so thoroughly and so frankly discussed as in *Le Couple Humain dans l'Œuvre de Thomas Hardy*, by M. Pierre d'Exideuil, recently published in Paris and here presented to the English reader. Nothing of this critic's work had come to my notice before I read *Le Couple Humain*, and I do not quite understand by what path he reached Hardy. However that may have been, it is clear that M. d'Exideuil has gained a fairly complete mastery of his subject and a considerable acquaintance with the numerous writings of earlier critics in the same field. He is the first writer to investigate Hardy's art in relation to the sexual theme at its centre. It is worth noting

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that this task falls to a fellow-countryman of Stendahl and of Proust, and so many other fine analysts of love. The English critic still always remains rather shy and awkward, a little Puritanical, in front of the problems of sex. There lingers in him a mediæval feeling that to deal simply and seriously with sex is unwholesome. He seems to feel an impulse either to moralise or to display an ostentatious playfulness, which sadly often becomes coarse and crude. Throughout the whole history of French literature, even from the days of Montaigne and *Petit Jehan de Saintr  *, it has been natural for the Frenchman to deal seriously with a group of problems which certainly, for nearly all of us, are at one time or another the most serious we encounter in life. (I may note parenthetically that Hardy's characters are largely of the distinctly Celtic type of Western England and that Hardy himself, who felt in close touch with the great French novelists, liked to recall that he was remotely of French blood.) M. d'Exideuil is dealing with a foreign writer, but he is following a track marked out by his own countrymen.

He follows it worthily, no doubt, but we are not bound to accept all the arguments set forth in this book. At some points, indeed, one or another may unintentionally mislead the reader.

It is the business of the analytic critic to trace out the underlying tendencies, the more or less unconscious ideas, held beneath and within the work of art he is discussing. In so doing he may

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easily give the impression that the artist himself deliberately built up his work on the foundation of these tendencies, and intentionally used the ideas as the framework of his structure. That is not so ; and certainly not so for an artist as spontaneous and wayward as Hardy, who used ideas and theories, by afterthought, as illustrations or decorations of his stories, not as their framework. The artist, we must never forget, is simply a man who looks at life through the medium of a personal temperament, and is able to describe what it looks like as seen by him. But the artist himself may not know what it looks like from outside. As Hardy once wrote to me : " They [novelists] are much in the position of the man inside the hobby-horse at a Christmas masque, and have no consciousness of the absurdity of its trot, at times, in the spectators' eyes." It was not, indeed, any absurdity in my vision of his work that he was criticising but rather an appreciativeness which, he modestly said, " seems in many cases to create the beauties it thinks it perceives." The critic of literature, however, is in the same position as the grammarian of language. The grammarian patiently observes language and finds that certain rules hold good, in general, for its use. But the rules he evolves from observation of the common uses of language are not present to the minds of those who invented and spoke the language ; they come after, not before, its creation. And similarly, the rules the critic finds in the novelist's

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art, however justly they may define the general methods of that art, were not present to the artist's mind ; they come after, not before, the creation of that art. We must bear that in mind when M. d'Exideuil so lucidly expounds to us what he finds in Hardy's novels.

All those who have ever taken a real interest in Hardy's work will enjoy this intimate study of what cannot but be regarded as one of the most significant aspects of that work. But even those readers who take no special interest in Hardy's novels may yet find much that is profitable here. For here we are concerned with the central situations of life, stated in terms of fictional creation but none the less situations which most of us have had to deal with. The men whom Hardy brings before us have sometimes been criticised as rather pale and featureless in character. Many years ago I remarked that men of the Wilhelm Meister and Daniel Deronda class were his favourite heroes. He wrote in reply : " I think you are only saying in another way that these men are the modern man—the type to which the great mass of educated modern men of ordinary capacity are assimilating more or less." Evidently it was not on the same plane that he saw women. The problems of love he presents, therefore, are largely those of the conflict between the modern man and a mate who retains the incalculable impulses of a more elemental nature. Hardy's statement of these situations is all the more instructive by virtue of

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his concentration on this primitive feature of human character. In old days Hardy's vision of the primitive and elemental, as manifested in women, was resented by many; feminists were wont to compare Hardy's women, to their disadvantage, with Meredith's. From the ethical standpoint that preference for Meredith's women was then justifiable. To-day, perhaps, when we no longer need to rebel against Victorianism, and are able with him "to see beauty in ugliness," we may view the psychological traits of Hardy's women without prejudice, and even recognise in them an element of permanent veracity.

XXIII

THE PROPOSAL TO LEGALISE STERILISATION: A CRITICISM

In 1930 the Eugenics Society set up a Committee for Legalising Eugenic Sterilisation, and this Committee issued a pamphlet, which was very widely circulated, entitled EUGENIC STERILISATION, at the same time drafting a Bill to introduce into Parliament with the object of "legalising" voluntary sterilisation, under certain conditions, both among the general public and mental defectives, without prejudicing the question whether such operations are or are not already lawful. Such a Bill seemed to me both absolutely unnecessary and thoroughly mischievous, not only having no chance whatever of passing, but being calculated to prejudice the very cause it was intended to further. My CRITICISM was summarised in the EUGENICS REVIEW for January 1931, and eventually the scope of the proposed Bill was limited to the voluntary sterilisation of mental defectives under control, a limitation which seemed to me to render the Bill less mischievous, even if still undesirable. The Bill was duly introduced into the House of Commons, and at once turned down by a large majority amid an eloquent shower of fallacious arguments against sterilisation in general. This is precisely what I had anticipated, and, as also I had expected, the newspapers in their glib comments at once assumed that at present "sterilisation is illegal."

I am pleased to be able to add that the Eugenics Society is now trying to make clear that voluntary sterilisation, for any desirable end, is already within the reach of those who can afford the surgical fee, and that the Society's efforts in this matter are simply directed to bring this trifling but important operation within the reach of those who cannot afford to pay for it.

THE substitution in recent years of new methods of sterilisation for the ancient method of castration has proved a reform with far-reaching effects. The simple method of

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ligaturing sperm-ducts or ovi-ducts (together with other methods, some of which may only be temporary in their sterilising effects) has changed the whole aspect of the question of sterilisation, to such a degree, indeed, that it has not always been understood even by scientific men, who have sometimes imagined all sorts of doubts and difficulties, as the result of their imperfect knowledge. The old operation of castration was definitely a mutilation, and, as we now know, it not only abolished the procreative powers but it deprived the whole organism of hormonal secretions which are essential for virility in the wide sense, or for femininity. Sterilisation, as now practised, involves the removal of no organ, essential or unessential; it not only in no degree destroys sexual potency or sexual desire, but has no hormonal influence, while it is (in the common form of vasectomy) so trifling a proceeding that it has sometimes been carried out without interference with the subject's daily work. It thus has a wide range of usefulness both in health and disease. On the one hand, it may be employed as a contraceptive by those who already have a sufficiently large family, or have decided, on whatever grounds, that they cannot have any family at all; on the other hand, it is a main eugenic instrument for persons of defective heredity, and though it can never be said with certainty that congenitally defective parents will produce congenitally defective offspring, yet, in view of the risks, it is better to err on the side of care than

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on the side of carelessness, whether or not those who thus restrain the procreative impulse, during our present rapidly rising tide of world-population, will be reckoned to-morrow (as with our narrow notions of patriotism they will not be reckoned to-day) benefactors of humanity.

Thus, while the old castration was regarded, not unnaturally, as punishment and humiliation, the new sterilisation has no such implications, but is a course of action neither dishonourable nor degrading to the person who chooses it, while it is usually of benefit to the society to which he belongs. But there is still a tendency in the muddled public mind to confuse the new method with the old. Those, therefore, who are engaged in establishing the new order, whether by their operative activities or by their writings, deserve all the encouragement and help which can be given them. This is the feeling which seems to have animated the Committee. Unfortunately, they have been ill advised in the retrograde steps they have taken to manifest their sympathy. It scarcely appears that they have had any due consultation with the workers who, for years past, have been engaged with this matter. One might have supposed that a Committee appointed to deal with sterilisation by a Society which was originally established as a Eugenics Education Society would have considered the opinion of those numerous members of the Society who believe that the differential birth-rate represents a possible menace for the future com-

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munity, and that they would have proposed measures to bring sterilisation and other methods of contraception within practical reach of those social strata which are to-day so urgently in need of eugenic education. Nothing of the sort ! They have preferred to rake up antiquated legal objections on a mediæval and earlier foundation, or such as have been actually suggested as possible by lawyers. They seem to overlook that it is a part of the business of lawyers, on the one hand, to raise legal objections to a proposed course of action, and, on the other hand, to raise counter-objections to those objections ; if it were not so, forensic activities could not be exercised. But it is a piece of supererogatory wickedness to exercise forensic ingenuity when there is no question of bringing a case into court. Our best course, obviously, is to wait for that improbable event. If it comes about, then there is not the faintest doubt that the cause of voluntary sterilisation will receive adequate support, moral and material, as well as legal, and the Committee might have been expected to organise such support. As for the horrifying spectre of a *maim*, with which so much play has been made, it is without bearing on the matter. *Mayhem*, a word so ancient that its origin is unknown, belongs to a primitive state of society totally unlike our own. "The loss of those members which may be useful to a man in fighting alone amounts to *mayhem* by the common law," Blackstone stated ; while as regards statute law,

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the Committee can only refer to an Act, some seventy years old, relating to "assaulting and wounding," ridiculous to apply to voluntary sterilisation, and enacted long before modern sterilisation was heard of. The Committee admits, indeed, that the only legal opinion on which it relies, Lord Riddell's, is "based on legislation now obsolete." The Committee further admits that "public benefit" is already recognised by law, and even the most ancient among us are now beginning to realise (what the younger generations do not doubt) that the sterilisation of those unfit for procreation, and of those unwilling to take on the responsibilities of parenthood, is undoubtedly a matter of "public benefit." The idea that the physician's part is limited to the treatment of disease belongs to an ideology now out of date and is not in accord with the views and the practices now tending to prevail, which recognise the health of the community as well as the health of the individual as coming under care. "If the physician limits himself to the treatment of disease," Goldberg has lately well said (*Zeitschrift für Sexualwissenschaft und Sexualpolitik*, Nov. 1930), "he is leaving undone a large and splendid part of his work for the welfare of the community. It is far more praiseworthy to prevent disease and to act as medical adviser in the education of the whole people." In their *ex parte* statement the Committee refrain from indicating that surgeons have for long past been carrying on sterilisation not only on persons

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in health, but also in hospitals, in States of the U.S.A. which have no sterilisation laws, as well as elsewhere; and if there is, notably, a sterilisation law in California, that is because sterilisation is there compulsory and consequently needs to be legalised. Voluntary sterilisation is in no such need. Even the assumption that such a need exists is mischievous, for it will spread abroad the notion that sterilisation at present cannot be safely carried out. In the unlikely event that a bill for "legalising" it is enacted, the result may be equally mischievous; for we have to remember that it must pass the scrutiny of opposing antiquated prejudices, on one side those based on scientific notions of the past, on the other those of popular ignorance. So that the only Act likely to emerge would be one so hedged about with timorous precautions as to be unworkable, especially in a land where individualism is still to some extent cherished and bureaucracy abhorred. As has happened in some American States, sterilisation, by being legalised, is itself sterilised out of existence.

When we review the plea of the Committee for legalising voluntary sterilisation (the plea on the compulsory side is almost negligible) one cannot help remarking how sympathetically its members would be rallied to a movement for legalising voluntary decapillation. The two movements would be closely allied. From the Committee's standpoint, in fact, it is decapillation that is more

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urgently in need of legislation, in view of the frequency of the operation and the lack of skill with which it is often carried out, without any specific statutory authorisation. The legal position of decapillation is, as the Committee would say, ambiguous, and to an even greater degree than that of sterilisation; it is compulsory in some circumstances, it is a punishable offence in others, while the classic case of Samson under the scissors of Delilah definitely brings in the problem of *mayhem*. It is painful to think of the emotions which must be experienced by any member of the Committee when he approaches a hairdresser's chair without having secured and paid for a legal permit at the Decapillation Office he has not yet been able to set up. It would be an evidently congenial task for the Committee to work for the national control of bobbing, shingling, and cropping. Many persons, both inside and outside the Eugenics Society, consider that the Committee would be more innocently employed than it is at present if it would agree to reconstitute itself as the Committee for Legalising Decapillation.

XXIV

THE PHILOSOPHIC PROBLEM OF SEX

This paper was written at the request of the editor, Dr. Raymund Schmidt, for the FORUM PHILOSOPHICUM, in comment on a paper by Professor Del-Negro, "Antinomien des Sexual-problems," which appeared in the same number, May 1931. As will be seen, I could not altogether accept Del-Negro's view that the sex problem presents antinomies for which there is no synthesis ; but I agree with his final conclusion that "the essential thing in life is not the balance of happiness, but the greatest possible heightening of personality.

THE phenomena of sex have furnished a problem which Man has found puzzling ever since he began to reflect impersonally on his own life. That was, no doubt, due to the special nature of these phenomena, with their alternations of quiescence and explosiveness. Sex, on the one hand, was seen to be essential to the construction of society, and yet, on the other hand, it was constantly threatening destruction to society. It is not surprising that the earliest work of European literary art which has come down to us (whatever economic or other significance we may now read into the *Iliad*) is on the surface the poetic embodiment of a philosophic reflection on the troublesome problem of sex. On the plane of practice here was

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something which was always liable to upset good order, and on the plane of thought it was always seeming incompatible with that spiritual atmosphere which Man has always been trying to secure for the operations of the intellect.

So that when Professor Del-Negro came forward with his dysteleology of sex we have to admit at the outset that he is following a venerable and legitimate tradition. As he views the problem, what we have here is an *antinomy*, the clash of two opposing and apparently incompatible elements, the biological element of sexuality and the social element of culture, although both of them have to be regarded as necessary, since otherwise we merely have either licence or asceticism. Professor Del-Negro is troubled because he is unable to find a synthesis of this antinomy. In his trouble he finally wanders off the philosophical track and talks about "compromises." The compromises he enumerates may be excellent on ethical or practical grounds (as the present writer, being English, and therefore holding the practical principle of compromise in honour, will not attempt to deny). But they have really nothing whatever to do with his philosophical problem. They do not touch his "antinomy." The "compromise" of two opponents merely attenuates them; it cannot remove the antinomy, if antinomy there is. Professor Del-Negro has not solved the problem he has devised; for, as I hope may appear in the sequel, the difficulty here is an arbitrary invention.

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To make that clear, I may be allowed to refer briefly to my own experiences in studying the phenomena of sex. When in early life my attention was drawn—as the attention of all of us is drawn—to the contemplation of that subject, one thing above all impressed me: *Sex was submerged in morals and metaphysics*. I wanted a clear, precise, and calm presentation of the facts, and all I could find were theories or precepts, with no solid facts to support either. The moral superstructure was, it is true, the larger, the loftier, the most top-heavy. But there were also metaphysical theories, of which Schopenhauer's was at that time doubtless the most brilliant and the most conspicuous, though there were others more wildly fantastic. I would have none of them, either the moralities or the metaphysics. Later it may be quite right to make theories and moralities, I said to myself, but first of all we must have the solid foundation on which to build: let us find out the facts! That has been the aim inspiring all my work in this field. I am well aware that the facts have not all been found out; that is a process which goes on every day. But at all events we can now say that *it is going on*, and going on in a cool and clear atmosphere which in earlier years could never be found for workers in this field. The way is opened for moralities and theories of a sounder kind than once prevailed.

But although I have never actively and directly sought for a philosophy of sex, no one whose vision is fairly wide can avoid becoming aware of philo-

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sophical implications in all human affairs. I have never sought for a "philosophy of sex," though such has been attributed to me. But I have found a philosophic picture of the world gradually being woven before my eyes, and in that picture, it subsequently appeared, sex had its place. I should say that, for me, a "philosophic" vision of the world simply means that further step beyond the sciences which I am impelled to take in order to make the separate activities I find in myself, and the separate aspects I see in Nature, into *a coherent whole*, and so to build for what I may call my "soul" a harmonious home in what I may call the "Universe."

It is not necessary to expound that vision here, but I have to refer to one aspect of it which was especially made clear to me during the Great War. War and conflict, I found people saying on both sides in that struggle—and saying with an air of unchallengeable philosophic dogmatism—are the law of life, from which there is no escape, and so the struggle was natural and right.

Now all the explorations that I had ever been able to make along the lines of science or the lines of art, led, as I could not fail to admit, to what must be called *conflict*, meaning by that term, the opposition of contrary forces. But I had never found them lead to war. There is no war between the diastole of the heart and its opposing systole ; it would be absurd to call a war that conflict between anabolism and katabolism which con-

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stitutes the whole process of life from its outset. War, I found, was a highly specialised and purely human activity, not even to be traced in human history at the beginning, in its early forms probably being a beneficial and socialising activity with no seriously harmful results, but in its later overgrown and degenerate forms altogether pernicious and anti-social. Conflict, on the other hand, is beneficial and socialising, and even a law of all life. I had, therefore, to make very clear to myself the confusion that is involved by muddling up Conflict with War. Certainly war is one of the many possible forms of conflict, but conflict is by no means always war. War is not a form of conflict which is found normally in science or in art. The element of violence, which essentially characterises it, also serves to mark it off as a definite species.

At this period, during the war, I wrote an essay on "The Philosophy of Conflict," to try to clear up this confusion into which both militarists and pacifists were at that time falling, the militarists praising war because they confound it with conflict, the pacifists condemning conflict because they confound it with war. I tried to point out that, as defined by so great an authority as Clausewitz, "War is an act of violence for the purpose of compelling the adversary to fulfil our will," or, still earlier, by the classical definition set forth by Cicero, and promulgated by Grotius, war is "conflict by methods of violence," *certatio per vim*. In

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other words, conflict is the genus of which war is merely a species. We may condemn war, as a method of conflict by violence, while maintaining inviolable the supremacy of conflict, constituted by the balance or the struggle of opposing forces, not merely as beneficial, but even as an indestructible element of our universe, entering alike in the physical world and in organic life, and essential to the maintenance of both.

"The conflict of forces," I wrote, "and the struggle of opposing wills are of the essence of our universe and alone hold it together. It is with the notions of effort and resistance that we have formed our picture of the universe and that Darwin made intelligible the manner in which we ourselves came to be. It is on the like basis that our spiritual world rests. We create art on the same plane and with the same materials as the world is created, and it is precisely in the most fundamental arts—in architecture and in dancing—that we find conflict and resistance most definitely embodied. Every pose of the dancer is the achievement of movement in which the maximum of conflicting muscular action is held in the most fluidly harmonious balance. Every soaring arch of the architect is maintained by an analogous balance of opposing thrusts, without which harmoniously maintained struggle, his art, like the creator of the world's art, would collapse in ruins. For, in the creation of the forms of art, we see, as in the evolution of the forms of animal and vegetable life,

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there is no room for violence ; conflict and resistance go hand in hand with harmony and balance.”¹

It was war-time, and I had in mind no problem of sex but the absurd misapprehension of militarists and pacifists, each clinging to a half-truth, which, taken by itself, was not a truth at all, but false and misleading. I soon realised, however, that the great principle I had made clear to myself, which covered the facts of nature and of life, could not fail also to cover the phenomena of sex. Indeed, since this law of opposing forces in the building up of the world becomes especially clear in the building up of life, and the more intense the higher we proceed in the development of life, it could not fail to apply to sex, and clearly did so apply. Here in these central phenomena of life we find in the most emphatic forms that conflict of balanced forces which is implicit in all life. At the outset we may obscure it. Those phenomena of courtship with which the sex life begins, not merely in our own species but in many of the humblest genera of the zoological series from which we spring, reveals it at once in a typical shape which symbolises the whole sex-world. Courtship is an art created out of the opposing play of balanced but oscillatory forces : a tempered and balanced conflict between the energy of the male and the resistant opposing energy of the female. If the energy were not tempered and balanced and there were violence

¹ This essay was reprinted in *The Philosophy of Conflict and Other Essays in War-time*. 1919.

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so that one of the two opposing forces were destroyed, there would be failure, since the ends of sex demand the equal activity of both forces. But the failure would be the same if there were no conflict, because, under natural and normal conditions, without the agitation of conflict, and the winding up of accumulated force which conflict ensures, there would not be achieved those dynamic phenomena of tumescence and detumescence which are, ultimately, the essence of the process of sex. When, as among domesticated animals and often among civilised human beings, the conflict of courtship is attenuated, the process of sex cannot attain full vigour, and when the process of sex fails to reach this full vigour, the whole vitality of the creature in all its manifestations, is diminished. That is so, not only on the physical plane but also on what we call the spiritual plane. It is equally so when we take a broader and higher view and look at the whole complex of sex phenomena as compared with other phenomena. If, for instance, we compare sexuality with asceticism—the phenomena of sex indulgence with those of sex abstinence—we see the same conflict of balanced forces. We cannot well have a rich human nature without some sexuality ; we cannot have a fortified and self-controlled nature without some asceticism ; the whole art and discipline of the emotional life lies in preserving that harmonious conflict. And if we rise still higher, and view the whole emotional life in opposi-

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tion to the whole intellectual life, the necessity for the same conflict still remains. Where the finest life is, sex and culture are perfectly balanced. To desire freedom from their conflict is to desire annihilation. Conflict is implicit in the perpetual anabolism and katabolism which make up the metabolism of life. There is no "antinomy" here; it may rather be said that we are in the presence of a "nomy," that *nomos* which is the principle of the whole universe as we know it, and it is even specially and beautifully made concrete to us in the phenomena of sex.

I am far from claiming that this mode of viewing the phenomena—though I arrived at it for myself and along my own path—is a new or original mode. Indeed the very fact that I may claim it to have a basis in the objects of knowledge prevents it from being a purely subjective attitude, even though it may correspond to an attitude which is congenial to my own temper of mind, as one to whom all violence is antipathetic but who feels by a sort of natural instinct, and has found by experience, that conflict is implicit in the whole of life. As regards the general principle, I have but to take up at random a book only published a week or two ago (Richard Rothschild's *Paradoxy*) and I read: "Conflict characterises all art, and the deepest conflicts are those in which two aspects of the same thing merge." I could not desire a better statement in a single sentence, and I would merely add that conflict characterises not only all art

but the whole of our known universe. If I desire evidence as regards the matter specially before us, I have but to turn to a philosopher invoked by Professor Del-Negro, Count Keyserling. It is more in place for me to invoke Keyserling here, for though his doctrine is put into a statement entirely independent of my conception, it is completely in accordance with mine and entirely at variance with Dr. Del-Negro's. Indeed, I regard Keyserling's essay on "The Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem," in his *Book of Marriage*—although at some points I disagree—as being, on the whole, the best statement of this core of the sex problem which I have met with. So far from seeing any "antinomy" in marriage, the contradiction in marriage, as Keyserling sees it, is a harmony: "Taken in concert," as he puts it, "contradictions act contrapuntally"; that is to say, the added force harmonises with the original theme. Or, as he more definitely expresses it, "marriage corresponds to an elliptical field of force," that is, with two foci and an interpolar tension, and is "essentially a state of tension." That is, expressed in another way, precisely the situation which I see. Indeed, to turn to the architectural image of life, which more specially appeals to me, we really have the elliptical arch with its two foci. And if we may thus view the single central core of sex in the marriage of man and woman, we may equally see the same tension when we rise to a higher viewpoint, and take the whole of sexuality into our vision in its

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opposition to culture, or whatever we may find as the force which balances sexuality. "The whole of life," as Keyserling says, "is a state of tension." There is no "antinomy" here to be solved or removed, and the question of a "compromise" cannot arise. To destroy the tension would be to destroy life. Rather is it our business to maintain the tension at its highest pitch. That tension is life itself. To quote Keyserling's profound and significant aphorism: "One can only play on tightened strings."

Again and again Professor Del-Negro appeals to Nietzsche. I fear that this persistent recurrence must indicate an evil conscience. Nietzsche, we know, was not consistent; he did not desire to be consistent. But there are many points at which his attitude is clear, and one of the clearest is his profound repugnance to that doctrine of the antinomy beloved by Professor Del-Negro. Nietzsche regarded the passion for finding antinomies and antitheses as a metaphysical superstition, due to a lack of insight. He is at the farthest extreme from Professor Del-Negro, and regards the notion of contradiction as one to be eradicated. He is absolutely sceptical of all antitheses. "My desire," he declared, "is to show the absolute homogeneity of all phenomena," the differentiations being merely matters of perspective. It is Del-Negro's courage that we must commend, rather than his discernment, when he appeals to Nietzsche.

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Towards the end, Dr. Del-Negro seems to grow weary of his antinomious craving for a synthesis, and pursues a theatrical or histrionic image by calling sex a tragedy. He does not seem to perceive that his earlier idea of the antinomy demanding a synthesis, if it is to be translated into theatrical terms, demands a comedy, not a tragedy, for a comedy admits of a synthesis, but not a tragedy, unless we view it from the superhuman standpoint of Fate.

"The greatest thing by far," said Aristotle, "is to be a master of metaphor." It is quite a long time since Aristotle made that wise and profound observation, but so far he seems to have made it in vain. Indeed we might agree with Nietzsche that most of our solemn "truths," even to-day, are merely a throng of metaphors, which have lost their living force. The youthful Berkeley had, long ago, made an observation in his *Commonplace Book* to much the same effect, when still in his teens. The vivifying influence of Vaihinger on thought largely lay in helping us to realise how to treat the *als ob* of the metaphor as a living force, and to understand rightly its significance. Professor Del-Negro, in abandoning his favourite Hegelian formula of the antithesis and suddenly gliding into the conception of the world *sub specie theatri*, as a solution of the problem of sex, seems to have been merely adopting an outworn counter of conventional phraseology (I would say the same of Keyserling, who also introduces the histrionic

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word "tragic" in connection with sex); he seems unable to realise that he is here entering a totally different world of concepts, and one that is not really suitable to his purpose. I repeat he would have been better advised, if he insists on the theatrical image, to say "comic," rather than tragic, for the conception of comedy can be made accordant with the conception of an antithesis demanding harmonious solution, but not that of tragedy.

No question need be raised as to the validity of the theatrical metaphor in philosophy. All philosophies, it has been argued, must be based on metaphors. It is many years since Alexander Fraser showed how true that thesis is, showing how Hegel was obsessed by the elementary notions of electricity then lately discovered, and so on; while I have myself pointed out the pyro-technical imagery which pervades Bergson's philosophy. Shaftesbury was impressed with the theatrical vision of life, which suited his own constitution, inapt for an actively real life. Jules de Gaultier has elaborated in fascinating shapes the conception of the world as an æsthetic spectacle; and Müller-Freienfels (in his *Geheimnisse der Seele*) develops the histrionic view of life. It is a fruitful metaphor. But it seems only to correspond with the more superficial phenomena of sex, for, as Nietzsche remarked, the dramatic self-consciousness of theatricalism renders impossible the effort after perfection, and scarcely at all with the formula of

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the antinomy. I think that Professor Del-Negro would have been more happily inspired if he had insisted on the heroic, rather than on the tragic, attitude in the sphere of sex. The tragic protagonist of the stage is doomed to failure and destruction. But the protagonist of the sexual struggle is triumphantly carrying on the life of the world, and handing on—heroically if you will—to the generation that follows him the immortal torch of life he has himself received.

To sum up in a word: I find for myself no illumination in the idea of sex as an antithesis or as a stage tragedy. It is a conflict—that is to say, a meeting of opposites—but a conflict that involves a play of forces in harmonious balance. To guide that conflict skilfully to its highest manifestations is an art. All our activities are really of the nature of arts. The art of sex, in its widest and loftiest relationships, is in the most emphatic degree an art because it penetrates to the biological core of all life. Like all forms of art, it involves a discipline, a discipline which may be as painful as that of the dancer or as complicated as that of the architect, and the achievement of which may involve heroism, with the high tension that heroism demands, and with its satisfaction and its joy.

It must not be supposed that in setting forth my own conception of the philosophy of sex, I have desired to overthrow that of Professor Del-Negro. On the contrary, I welcome his statement.

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It is not easy to set up one's own argument unless one has in view another argument against which to measure it. We must be grateful to Professor Del-Negro for his attractive and stimulating essay.

XXV

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION

This review of SOCIAL SUBSTANCE OF RELIGION : AN ESSAY ON THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION, appeared in the WEEK-END REVIEW for 18th July 1931.

IN a recent "Interpretation of Christian History," Lewis Browne's *Since Calvary*, the plight of the modern masses over religion is lucidly set forth. A movement of which the war was the symbol, and even largely the motive force, has split the crowd into two sections : on the one hand those who are still anxious to clutch something of the old faith and have become fanatical obscurantists, "Fundamentalists," as they are called in America if Protestants, and "Reactionaries" if Catholic ; on the other hand those who, contentedly or discontentedly, drift at random, feeling themselves at most mere "crumbs of stellar dust." So that on the one side religion to-day among the masses is degraded ; on the other side it has no existence at all.

That is a situation which cannot fail to interest those who meditate on the deeper problems of the time. Mr. Gerald Heard, widely known since his *Ascent of Humanity* as one of the original thinkers of our day, here attempts to deal with it. He is

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not content with the facile economic solutions which satisfied the last generation ; he seeks an interpretation, where many of us will be willing to accompany him, in psychology. The result is a volume full of suggestion, even if, as the author acknowledges, he is putting forward "a very tentative hypothesis."

Criticism may, indeed, arise over an assumption made in the opening chapter : "The Problem : Conflict." As Mr. Heard views it, that is indeed the problem : "Conflict," and, as he says, its "cure." But he never defines what he means by "conflict." It becomes for him an indefinable obsession from which, at all costs, escape must be found. Yet it is not difficult to define "conflict," and when defined and faced it need not seem a bogey. Speaking as one who has elsewhere put forth a "Philosophy of Conflict," I would say that—taken in its central sense, which is not only psychological but widely biological—conflict is the meeting of two opposed forces. In its normal forms such conflict is balanced, because with the destruction of one of the forces the conflict would fall ; in its abnormal forms the balance ceases to be harmonious and we have all sorts of violent and destructive phenomena varying with the medium : disease, insanity, revolution, war, etc. We must concentrate our attention on its normal forms to realise that all life is essentially a conflict of opposing forces ; metabolism, as the physiologist may say, is the conflict between anabolism and katabolism ;

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the heart, similarly, is alive by the perpetual conflict between its diastole and its systole. All growth takes place under resistance, and without it there would be no life. The movement of life in a spiral, which Mr. Heard has elsewhere emphasised, is due to resistance, a conflict between opposing forces. This is not only true of life in Nature but also of life in art. "One can only play on tightened strings." This is beautifully shown in the fundamental arts of dancing and building, where the conflict is maintained, here by the opposing tension of muscles and there by the opposing thrusts of piers. Without that conflict the dancer would fall and the building collapse. Conflict is life and beauty and joy. Mr. Heard incautiously calls for its "cure." The "cure" of conflict is death.

Although he occupies an independent position in relation to the psycho-analysts, Mr. Heard seems to have been misled by them into concentrating his attention on the abnormal forms of conflict. Mr. Heard's main problem is, however, in the normal field, and when we survey the phenomena of conflict here we find the ordinary frequency curve, with the commonplace easy-going mass in the middle and at one end a minority in whom the elements of conflict are weak and unbalanced, so that they succumb to insanity, suicide, crime, or what not; while at the other end is another minority in whom those elements are strong yet well-balanced, so that they rise to heights of character,

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talent, or genius. Conflict, as Mr. Heard recognises, is often strong among savages. The people described with so much insight and skill by Margaret Mead in *Growing up in New Guinea* live under a state of repression and perpetual puritanic regulation, which must mean endless conflicts. What marks civilisation is the higher quality and strength of the hereditary elements involved, not the presence of conflict. Even if a work of human art, such as a cathedral, could become conscious and vocal, it would tell us of stresses which, as in recent years at St. Paul's, might sometimes be acutely painful.

Yet it remains legitimate to seek origins for the various forms of conflict essential to life. One such primitive conflict here discussed is between the family and the group, at first in the form of father-right and mother-right, and Mr. Heard argues that these two formative influences of civilisation were early in conflict. He believes that in this he is going against some anthropologists, notably Dr. Malinowski, but there seems a little misunderstanding here. In what he regards as the first full account of his position, Malinowski states that over-emphasis on the family is as erroneous as over-emphasis on the group, since they are complementary and work side by side; and that mother-right and father-right, though not stages of culture, may each at some period stand out more conspicuously than the other. There is no absolute "veto" here on Mr. Heard's view, which, indeed, resolves itself ultimately into the conflict,

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always manifest or latent, between the individual and society.

"I know a man," so I lately read, "whose face becomes the face of an assassin at the very mention of the word 'community.'" The gentleman in question was certainly not Mr. Heard, and it is to be hoped that they may never meet. This book is written to glorify "community," in which word the "social substance of religion" may be summed up. We must not here think of the churches we know. Mr. Heard will have none of them: "When we hear the word Gospel, hackneyed, dreadfully contemptible, we can hear all the tragedy of Man"; and he scarcely refers more than once to Jesus, whom he dismisses as "incnarrable," although he admits an element of value in Christianity and is perhaps himself more of a Christian than he knows. Popular religion, indeed, is to him merely a drug, and not even opium, but mescal, which he regards as much more poisonous, "that maddening drug to induce an intoxicated and desperate ecstasy," which seems to indicate that Mr. Heard's experiences of *Echinocactus Williamsii* have been much less happy than were mine thirty years ago. At the same time, and at the other extreme, he rejects, as a morbid deviation, that mysticism which many would regard as the core of religion with its affirmation: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." That is too individualistic for Mr. Heard. At the same time he admires George Fox and regards Quakerism as the nearest approach yet made to the

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communistic "Charitism" he himself proclaims as the religion of the future, though he believes that Quakerism failed, largely, it seems, by admitting marriage and the family, for Mr. Heard seeks to depreciate all the manifestations of sex. Yet Fox was a genuine mystic; when the call came he shunned men and went into the orchards and the fields; the community that grew around him was later and secondary. It is usually so with the men of religion; and the community which grows around the mystic's ideal debases it. I know people who have eagerly entered a community, saying, with William Morris, "Fellowship is Heaven," and have come out of it saying, "Fellowship is Hell." Mr. Heard's religion of the future, however, not only suppresses all individuality but only begins with the group. It thus resembles the Bolshevik religion of Leninism, but otherwise is the reverse of it, a sort of inverted Leninism, for that is the religion of hate, and the gospel of "Charisma" will be the religion of love, of universal reconciliation.

It would require much space to follow Mr. Heard over all the ground covered by his fertile invention. Enough has been said to indicate that this challenging and stimulating book, however questionable, cannot be neglected by those who are concerned with the problems of the human spirit to-day.

XXVI

THE EONIST

This article was written early in 1932 for an American journal, but found by the editor to be "too strong." So it is published here for the first time, in order that the reader may be able to judge for himself how far its strength is above proof.

SEVERAL letters have reached me from unknown correspondents with regard to a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour lately passed on a young man at the Leeds Assizes. The report of the trial is not so clear as it might be, though the newspapers describe it in the largest type as "amazing," and the judge seems never to have heard of such a case before. The charge, which was of "indecentcy," set forth that this youth, Augustine Hull by name, had for six months past dressed as a woman and during that period been courted by another young workman whom he agreed to marry, though before the wedding day he disappeared, thus inflicting on the would-be bridegroom what the judge denounced as "a cruel wrong."

My correspondents, shocked at the sentence, wrote to me because they knew that this anomaly was not so amazing as the judge and the journalists supposed, and that I have written of it at length.

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It is an anomaly which in Germany is called Transvestism or cross-dressing, but which I term Eonism, because much more than cross-dressing is involved, and the mental disposition may exist without even the wish for any change of dress. The name Eonism indicates an origin from the Chevalier d'Eon, who was the most noted representative of this anomaly more than a century ago, and played a conspicuous part in European history and diplomacy as the trusted agent of kings and statesmen. His actual sex was at the time disputed, but he was really a man who preferred to live as a woman, and so in old age died in London. These people are frequently, like the Chevalier d'Eon, of high character and distinguished ability and normal in other respects, often devoted husbands and affectionate fathers. But they would rather be mothers than fathers, they feel like women, they share the tastes of women, and most of them, not all, delight to indulge, when they can do so without detection, in the refinements of the feminine toilette. At the present time I know one such who, for considerable periods, both in America and in England, has lived as a woman, with a woman friend who was in the secret, leading an entirely decorous and honourable life ; dressed as a man, he appears normal, robust, and masculine ; but as a woman he never betrays his sex, and is indeed said to be more like a woman, more " lady-like " in his ways, than the average woman.

Augustine Hull is evidently a more radical

example of this anomaly. He is a simple workman, a colliery haulage hand, belonging to a very poor family. But from early childhood he felt like a girl, he played with girls' toys, and, as he grew older, was accustomed to do all the feminine tasks of housework. He takes girls' parts at theatricals ; it gratifies him to wear women's clothes and he feels at home in them. More than that : even in male costume he looks like a girl, is slight and feminine in build, and with a feminine voice. So much is he like a girl that at the age of seventeen, when returning from church one Sunday morning in ordinary male attire, he was arrested by the police, taken to the station and stripped, because he was supposed to be a girl masquerading as a man.

To all well-instructed people the case is simple. It was evidently so to the two medical witnesses who were called, one a psycho-analyst and the other the prison surgeon. But their evidence went for nothing. The judge pronounced his sentence of eighteen months' hard labour, and when the case was carried to the Court of Appeal, the judge of that court dismissed the appeal in a few brief remarks which concluded with the statement that he " did not consider the sentence a day too much." •

In Germany and some other countries of the continent of Europe a more reasonable attitude towards the eonist tends on the whole to prevail. It is beginning to be acknowledged that a genuine

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taste for cross-dressing, whether in a man or in a woman, provided that it leads to no public disturbance of order, is not properly a matter for police interference. There is a tendency for the police to view it with tacit acceptance, and medico-legal experts have even argued that police permits should be issued in these cases, valid during good behaviour. It is stated that the two countries in which the harshest and most antiquated attitude towards the eonist still prevails are England and the United States. That is my reason for bringing forward the matter here.

Four centuries ago, in the city of Basel, a cock was solemnly tried and publicly burnt alive in the market-place for the unnatural crime of laying an egg. To-day we know that there was here nothing unnatural. Sex depends on the balance of the hormone-producing glands, and that balance sometimes results in states that are naturally intersexual. We now understand this when cocks and hens are concerned. We shall some day understand it a little better where our own fellow-creatures are concerned. Until then it might be as well to avoid treating them in the spirit in which our ancestors treated the cock that laid an egg.

XXVII

CREATING A NEW SPAIN

This article appeared in the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE MAGAZINE for 28th February 1932.

SOME of us who know and love Spain have long looked forward to the constitutional changes which would at length bring its people into line with the other nations of our civilisation. No country can afford to live indefinitely on the treasures of however splendid a past. Moreover, a country which has once made magnificent contributions to human civilisation, and continues to retain the same racial constitution (unlike, for instance, Greece, where the population has been profoundly modified), may reasonably be expected to retain reserves of force. So that, as Professor Fleure remarked some years ago, even the backwardness of Spain, with the unemployed energies it implies, may ultimately prove an advantage, and with the re-establishment of favourable conditions Spain again make precious contributions, even if in different form, to the sum of human achievement.

How Spain would succeed in bringing about these conditions was not clear to us, whether by reforming the Monarchy or by sweeping it away. We know to-day. We could hardly have known

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beforehand that the good sense of King and people alike would enable the Spanish Revolution to take place so completely, and yet so peacefully, that it was possible to describe the first act of this great political drama as "a sort of picnic."

It has lost that character since, as we might expect if we remember the usual course of revolutions, as well illustrated by Russia. Many years before that Revolution I was accustomed to associate Russia and Spain: both mainly agricultural, both so held captive by the traditions of the past that to enter either country was to be taken back to mediæval times, both with an uneducated mass-population, yet both, one felt, beyond any of the other chief countries of Europe, holding great reserves of force. But there one came upon a contrast: even though their mood might be the same, and the *Nichevo* of Russia answer to the *Manaña* of Spain, the strength of Russia was that of an enormous child with no past but a vast future; the strength of Spain could only be that of renewed maturity. It is to these longer traditions and more varied political experiences of Spain that we may doubtless attribute the more nonchalant attitude of Spain towards revolution. Spain is not young enough to cherish the magnificent expectations of Russia.

Yet it is precisely in its age that the possibilities of clash lie, for in Spain every movement of germinating life has to break through a peculiarly hard shell of ancient tradition. There is, in Spain, as

many have pointed out, always the ancient Don Quixote, chivalrous and high-spirited indeed, but moulded on the pattern of a past that is dead, and unable to accept or even to perceive the facts of the living present ; and there is the more modern Sancho Panza, a realist, quite alive to the novelties of the modern world, and willing to accommodate himself to them. Theoretically, and in practice during normal times, these two great figures are harmoniously complementary to each other. But in a revolution there cannot well fail soon to be a clash. Spain has been the last great Catholic country of Europe ; the Church has held unquestioned and almost unbroken sway not only in its own house but in the affairs of the country ; it has been free to educate—so far as it chose to educate at all—the whole nation in its own mediæval code, and to suppress all others. But even though devout crowds flock to the churches, everyone who is acquainted with the Spanish people knows how, not only among the men of distinguished intellect, but among the masses, there has long been a profound though usually quiet scepticism, the spirit of Sancho Panza reacting against the ancient and outworn Quixotry.

That clash has been the great peril of the young Republic of Spain. The Spanish are naturally tolerant, as an individualistic people is prone to be. It is part of the humanity of the Spanish temper. Of all great national writers, Cervantes is the most unfailingly humane, even towards such enemies of

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his land as the English ; and it is a typical Spanish trait that one of the first acts of a Republican Government is to order a supply of high-power pumps to replace the barbarous method of using fire-arms to disperse disorderly mobs. Even in far ancient days there was a remarkable degree of tolerance in Spain, and the first leaders of the Revolution, with Zamora, himself a liberal Catholic, at the head, proposed to establish toleration for all Spaniards alike. But it is the proud boast of the Church that it never changes. So it comes about that the Revolution in its course opened the way to reaction, for intolerance breeds counter-intolerance. Hence the burning of churches and monasteries by the mob, whom at first none sought to hold back. The Church thus reaped what it had sown. Now a middle course seems to be in course of establishment. The Jesuits—though intellectually a vigorous and active element in Spain—are to be expelled, as they have been before, even in Spain, and less humanely than on the present occasion ; education is taken out of the hands of the Church and becomes everywhere the care of the State. Church property is put under State control, and all religious creeds are to be tolerated.

If we put aside this vexed question of the Church, which cannot fail to be a source of trouble in a land where Catholicism has been so deeply rooted, the great reforms now being effected must meet with unqualified applause. If some of them may still seem premature, others are long overdue.

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Of such is certainly a large measure of Home Rule for Catalonia. Local patriotism is strong in Spain and various regions may be inclined to desire some degree of self-government. But the case of Catalonia has always been special. The Catalans are a people of different race and different temper who live at a quicker pace than the true Spaniards and exert a greater activity. It is easy to understand their impatient resentment of the antique bonds with which the central authority of Madrid had sought to constrain them. One who is a lover of Catalonia as well as of Spain can only view with satisfaction the end of a long and mischievous friction. Harmony between Barcelona and Madrid will be as helpful for Spain as for Catalonia.

That is a local question. The changes now taking place in Spain are, for a large part, such as concern the whole civilised world, for they represent a sudden attempt to realise ideals which society elsewhere is slowly seeking, and has only here and there achieved. If that must be admitted, those of us who live in more slowly moving countries may, at all events, claim that our slow progress is sounder and more thorough, not accompanied by the dangerous friction which always marks

However that may be, looked at all round, Spain seems to many to-day, as someone has expressed it, the one bright spot in Europe. It is too early to be optimistic. But many great reforms which other countries are only slowly reaching have been

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established by the decisions of a Cortes which, on the surface at all events, has been almost unanimous, though it has not been representative of every section of the population by the partial abstention of Conservatives and Monarchists from the elections. The new Constitution takes large ground in subordinating the entire wealth of the country to "the interest of national economy," not thereby meaning confiscation without compensation, but assuming the right to expropriate private property, to nationalise public services, and to direct industries into the lines of national interest. All this is what modern States are to-day tentatively trying to do; but here for the first time the right to socialisation has been definitively affirmed in the terms of the Constitution.

On the more domestic side of life the changes effected have been of a real revolutionary character. The legal distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children has been abolished; divorce has been made easy for either party; women enjoy the same legal status as men, and are equally entitled to the vote. Already there is a woman in the Government, and one or two women in the Cortes.

This change in the status of women is significant. Women have always been influential in Spain, and there have been many remarkable personalities among them, from the throne downward. But in legal restraints, in formal subjection to their husbands, and in social conventions, their position

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received the name at birth from her mother and her aunt (who had lived much in Germany). It is evident that she has been carefully reared, and her mother, to whom she owes much, seems only less remarkable than herself. Hildegart possesses various accomplishments outside the work to which she is specially devoting herself; she has a mastery of several languages, including Latin, is drawn to music, and now that her legal training is ended, she is studying medicine and philosophy until the legal age to practise publicly as a lawyer. She remains simple and natural, and in her photograph appears still with the dark, girlish, corkscrew curls, a mature face indeed, but reposefully strong and sweet. One thinks of Valera's description of the typical Spanish woman, "angelic but robust."

A land which can still produce even one woman of the spirit and fibre of Hildegart is full of promise for the world.



